

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 37 – Number 3

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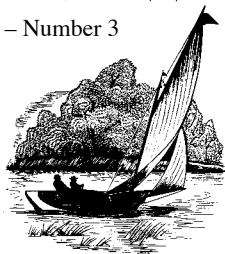
**Some of the Features
in This Issue**
Cedar Key Pictorial - Dikes, Ditches, Drains and Driblets
Solo September Cruise - Tiding's Great Adventure
Chebacco Sailboats - Mansion Yachts
Boat Building the Ancient Egyptian Way



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

My on the water season began on May 15 as a passenger on Harold Burnham's pinky schooner *Ardelle*. Harold's taking members of the North Shore TSCA and other friends on a sort of season opener dude cruise for a couple of hours in and around Gloucester Harbor has become a fixture on our calendar.

The inner harbor shoreline is not very scenic, it is a maze of fishing docks and attendant shoreside facilities. As we slowly ghosted towards the outer harbor we passed the backside of one large warehouse sort of building, apparently a freezer facility, with its face towards us a sheer brick wall about three stories tall built right on the edge of the stone underpinnings that dropped off into the deep. As we rounded a corner, I could see where the brick wall ahead ended, merging into a wood frame structure with what appeared to be several tiny balconies projecting from the upper story.

As we got closer we could see that it was several side-by-side apartments sitting atop the freezer plant, or whatever was its neighbor (unseen by us with its front on the opposite street side of the building). This top floor sat over a sheer wall below, with a flat roof overhead, and on one of several tiny balconies cantilevered out over the harbor an older woman sat in a chair wedged into the tiny space, enjoying the passing scene, at this moment our *Ardelle*. She did not wave to us, undoubtedly she has seen it all for this is a busy commercial fishing harbor.

The human cost of sustaining this fishing industry in Gloucester has been staggering and today is memorialized by a cenotaph at the famed Gloucester Fisherman statue facing the western waterfront. It consists of a semicircle of ten granite monuments, one with an explanatory plaque followed by nine monuments with plaques that have the names of 5,368 Gloucester Fishermen who were lost at sea. The explanatory plaque is inscribed:

Gloucester Fishermen's Memorial

"For nearly four centuries the history of Gloucester has been the story of America's greatest fishing port. With this memorial we commemorate the lives and the legacy of those who died at sea while fishing.

The first settlers came from England in 1623 to harvest the ocean's bounty. They concentrated on the rich fishing banks between Gloucester and Newfoundland, and later ventured throughout the Atlantic. During the 1800s, immigrants from many lands joined in the perilous work. Sustained by the

hope of prosperity, they came from the Canadian Maritimes, Scandinavia and Ireland. Later, they came from Italy and Portugal. These intrepid men established an industry that has yielded countless millions of pounds of fish.

Their legacy came at a tremendous cost: the loss of over 5,300 men. Some were overtaken by the howling winds and mountainous seas of a catastrophic northeaster. Some met their fate in the solitude of a small dory gone astray from the schooner that brought them to the banks. Some ships collided in storms and tragically sank. Others were run down by steamers in the shipping lanes.

These courageous men have been known by names other than fishermen. They were father, husband, brother, son. They were known as the finest kind. Their lives and their loss have touched our community in profound ways. We remain strengthened by their character, inspired by their courage and proud to call them Gloucestermen.

Numbers alone can never chronicle the loss of human life, yet the statistics reflect the magnitude of Gloucester's sacrifice. On these plaques are the names of men known to have been lost. This memorial also stands to honor those men and ships lost without record.

Men known to be lost at sea and honored here: 5,368.

Of the nearly 1,000 ships lost, those lost with all hands: 265.

Thousands of widows struggled to survive and raise their children and many of those fatherless children entered the trade of their lost fathers.

Between 1860-1906, a staggering 660 ships sank. While many of the fishermen were saved, 3,880 men were lost.

A single storm in 1862 claimed 15 schooners and 120 men, while another devastating storm in 1879 took the lives of 159 men.

Let us remember, honor and celebrate these fishermen who made their final voyage from this great port.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. Psalm 107, 23-24."

In 1937 at age seven I saw my second ever movie, *Captains Courageous*, starring Spencer Tracey and Freddie Bartholomew. It was about the lives of the Gloucester fishermen and I will never forget the emotional impact on me of its tragic ending when Tracey became one of those fishermen "lost at sea."

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 Harking Back With Harvey
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Cedar Key Pictorial
- 7 *Dinghy Cruising*: Dykes, Ditches, Drains and Driblets
- 11 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Solo September Cruise
- 20 *Tidings'* Great Adventure
- 23 Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas
- 26 Our Coast Guard in Action
- 28 Over the Horizon
- 30 JGTSCA
- 32 Mainsheet
- 34 *Dancing Chicken*
- 35 The View from AlmostCanada
- 43 Welcome to Arch Davis Design!
- 44 Chebacco Sailboats
- 45 Mansion Yachts
- 46 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: Micro V-18 Cat Rig
- 48 Boat Building the Ancient Egyptian Way
- 49 Ship's Log
- 50 Small Craft Illustration #19
- 51 Shanties
- 52 From the Lee Rail
- 53 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Tide's out at Cedar Key, but not to worry, range is barely 3' so it is possible to walk out to a boat at any stage. Thanks to Dave Lucas for this look at the waters off Cedar Key in early May. For lots more photos of small boats sailing off Cedar Key at the annual informal small craft gathering there, turn to pages 6 & 7.



Harking Back With Harvey

"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."

Images by Harvey Petersiel

Decisions... Decisions... Sailboat or Rowboat?





You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Family Boat Building at the Hudson River Maritime Museum Family Carolina Skiff Build

The Hudson River Maritime Museum Wooden Boat School in Kingston, New York, is offering a family/team boat building course this summer designed for families and/or friends to work as a team building a Carolina Bateau from start to finish. Lead shipwright Wayne Ford and instructor Bill Sterling will lead this weekend course, teaching teams how to work together to successfully construct a small boat. Cost of materials is included in tuition. Please have at least two people per team but no more than five. Space is limited, we can only accommodate two teams so please book in advanced to save your spot! To register, please visit www.hrmm.org. For more information please contact Wooden Boat School Coordinator, Stephanie Fischer at sfischer@hrmm.org.

Adventures & Experiences...

Adventures & Experiences... A Question

Fifteen, maybe 20, years ago Kate and I were "livin' the dream." We were fulltime liveaboards in a Southern California marina, durn near as far south as we could get and still have a California zip code. I had boats, big and little, at my fingertips. About as good as life gets.

One day I was out sailing little *Limerick* around inside the confines of our marina, sort of a variant on the custom of "strolling." Sailing a little boat between the docks is a great way to meet people. Instead of from terrestrial verandas, folks hailed me from the cockpits of their moored boats. Pretty nifty. I was

a lot more nimble then. I'd just put that little cockleshell into a tack gybe tack, pivot in place while meeting and greeting. It worked like a champ.

One weekend afternoon I was out just randomly sailing in and out of the wind shadows of the moorage. There was a family group inspecting a small dink on one of the floats. A grandfather, dad and two boys. They had a little pram, probably a Sabot. As I sailed by I could see a missing gudgeon. Otherwise it appeared the boys were all but set to get underway. Sure looked like a teachable moment in the making. Light, but steady wind, sunny, of course. Warm water. A great opportunity for a couple of boys to learn the basics, hone their skills.

I pulled in close and said "Hi. I see you're missing a gudgeon. I've got a boat a lot like this one in the dinghy rack over on the next dock. The gudgeons are just held on with a couple screws. It's the white one on the upper left. Just go ahead and borrow that fitting. I'd really hate for anybody to miss out on an afternoon like this one." After giving more assurances that it was really OK to go pull that fitting, I sailed off on my own agenda, whatever that might have been.

On the way back home I passed the same dock. The men and boys were all seated in the cockpit of a large sailboat. The dink was still overturned and still missing a gudgeon. I sailed in close and asked the youngest kid, "How come you didn't go pull that part?" His answer still flummoxes me. Perhaps it's just a generational thing.

The kid, sitting quite passively and overtly non involved, just said, "Aw, that was too much work." Granted, this sparked a modicum of pique. I blurted out something like, "You are gonna miss out on lots of cool adventures if you have to depend on old guys like me and your grandpa to fix stuff for you."

And then the kid nailed it, "Well, I guess I'd better hope that you live a long time, then." Some of us grew up with the notion that sharing experiences, tools and things is better than just having them.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

Information of Interest...

Old Tug

Your "25 Years Ago" reprint in the April issue was a story about an old tug that was working with Coast Guard auxiliary in South Haven, Michian. *Wilhelm Baum* continued with the Auxiliary another ten years or so. Her day job was as a working boat owned by an Auxiliary member. She was sold, refurbished by the new owner, but mostly spent the next few years on the hard. She is now property of the Michigan Maritime Museum in South Haven. Don't know what the museum plans for her or if she is destined to get back into the water or not. Herewith a few photos.

John Nystrom, Peru, IN



Information Wanted...

Is This Phrase a Coincidence or Not?

Not long ago in *MAIB* there was a review of Robert Perkins book, *Into The Great Solitude*. The review intrigued me and I am reading (and thoroughly enjoying) the book now. I don't know if you knew this or not, but in his book, on page 92, Perkins wrote, "I film my sail, though, making remarks about Ratty and Mole and how nice it is messing about in boats." Is this phrase a coincidence or not?

David E. Cohen

CBMM Announces Ford's Departure



CBMM News

John Ford has departed from CBMM in June after more than 29 years of service. "We are very grateful for John's years of service helping to forward the mission of CBMM," commented CBMM President Kristen Greenaway. "As a stalwart staff member and friend,

John's legacy will always remain here, especially in the programs he helped develop and the people whose lives have been touched by his gentlemanly and kind demeanor."

Ford joined CBMM's staff in May 1990 as Director of Operations after previously working at Crockett Brothers Boatyard in Oxford, Maryland. He holds a Bachelor of Arts in literature from Towson University and currently serves as President of Easton Town Council, Chesapeake Multicultural Resource Center and Historic Cemeteries of Easton, Inc.

"I had the good fortune to hire John, he was my second in command, my go to person," remarked former CBMM President and current Grayce B. Kerr Fund President John Valliant. "He was the quintessential mediator, always able to smooth ruffled feathers. I owe a great debt to him for my successes at CBMM."

When CBMM embarked on a major building campaign in the late '90s, Ford

took the lead as project manager. Throughout his career he helped shape the creation of CBMM's Academy for Lifelong Learning and jointly taught literature classes every year since its inception while serving as the staff liaison for the program. In 2007 he transitioned to Facilities Manager, a role he maintained.

"John Ford and I go back to 1998, 21 years ago this summer, when I arrived at CBMM from Pittsburgh to become Director of Development," said John Miller who has co facilitated more than 50 Academy for Lifelong Learning literature classes with Ford. "Over these years I have had the extraordinary privilege to witness John's blossoming self confidence as a teacher of literature. I believe John has been the subtle catalyst for making ALL what it has become, an organization that is critical to our intellectual, mental, physical, civic and communal well being. While John has worn many hats with distinction throughout his career, at heart he is a Professor of English Literature. Congratulations, Doc!"

This May the Academy for Lifelong Learning's Board of Directors announced its departure from CBMM, with the diverse education opportunities ALL has provided for 19 years, to continue as Chesapeake Forum, an Academy for Lifelong Learning. Beginning in fall 2019, Chesapeake Forum will offer a number of courses at various venues throughout Easton, Oxford, and St Michaels with Ford serving in a leadership position with the new organization.

Over his career Ford has seen CBMM grow from a small regional museum to an internationally recognized institution, today drawing nearly 80,000 annual guests. Reflecting on his service with CBMM, Ford commented he is most proud of his work with the Academy for Lifelong Learning and the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival.

"One of his early responsibilities was the coordination of festivals and he came to love CBMM's Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival," commented CBMM Chief Curator Pete Leshner, who also spent more than nine years serving on Easton Town Council with Ford. "As John's position changed over the years, he retained his role in coordinating that festival weekend, helping to create and sustain one of the most beloved festivals CBMM offers."

"John Ford has been an amazing friend to the sustenance, perhaps even the restoration, of the small craft movement on the Atlantic Coast," commented Vera England, a long time organizer and participant in the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. "His good natured organization of MASCF and willingness to advocate for boats on the water has helped keep small boating alive on the Bay and instilled the mission of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in even the youngest participants."

"John Ford is a great friend and the best 'boss' I have ever had, even with no raises and he is a Packer fan," said CBMM volunteer and master gardener Roger Galvin. "Since 2009 we have designed, plowed, planted, fertilized, mulched, weeded, pruned, etc, more than a dozen gardens around CBMM's campus, we have planted thousands of bulbs, grasses, perennials, shrubs and trees. And John really has done most of the work, day by day. With John making this move, his leadership, knowledge and humor will be surely missed at CBMM."

"Who can pull weeds while quoting

Shakespeare? A gentleman and a scholar, John Ford," commented CBMM volunteer and master gardener Mary Sue Traynelis. "The Bard observed, appreciated, understood and beautifully described his surroundings, flora, fauna and human nature. We are saying farewell to our resident bard. John made it a pleasure to volunteer at CBMM," continued Traynelis. "As a driving force for the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival, he helped create a fun and completely interactive environment for messing about in small boats."

Watch Log Canoe Races Aboard Winnie Estelle

Join CBMM aboard the 1920 buy boat *Winnie Estelle* this summer for an up close and personal view of the Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoe races on the Miles River. The two hour scenic cruises begin with the Miles River Yacht Club's 4th of July Series on June 29 and 30 and continue on select dates through CBMM's Bartlett Cup on September 15. They offer scenic views and photo opportunities along with commentary from CBMM's docents and crew. The cost is \$35 per person with a 20% discount for CBMM members. Cruises fill early with dates, departure times and online registration at cbmm.org/onthewater. Boarding is limited with all cruises dependent on marine conditions.

These iconic Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoes only race along the Chester, Miles, Choptank and Tred Avon rivers on Maryland's Eastern Shore. With tall masts and large sails, these boats keep upright as they accelerate to speeds of 10 knots or more, thanks to crew members climbing to the ends of 15' boards that hang off the side of the canoe.



Edna E. Lockwood Bay Heritage Tour

Edna E. Lockwood, the last historic sailing bugeye in the world and queen of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's floating fleet, embarked in May on a National Park Service partly funded heritage tour around the Chesapeake Bay. She recently underwent a two year restoration of her nine log hull and was relaunched into the Miles River in St Michaels, Maryland, in the fall of 2018. This May through September *Edna* is traveling to ports around the Bay, bringing free, experiential programming and interpretation of traditional Chesapeake Bay boat building techniques and the oystering industry. The tour started at the annual Chestertown Tea Party Festival in Chestertown, Maryland, May 24-27 and includes 16 other ports with pop up stops to be announced along the way. All ports of call are weather dependent with the full schedule at cbmmshipyard.org/ednalockwood.

During *Edna's* stay at each port CBMM staff members will offer free deck tours, giving guests a chance to explore the bugeye while docked. For this tour *Edna* will be sailed by Capt Rose DiMatteo, a graduate of Brevard College in North Carolina who

holds a Bachelor of Arts in wilderness leadership and experiential education and a US Coast Guard 100-Ton Master's License with an Auxiliary Sailing Endorsement. DiMatteo has wide ranging experience both in education and aboard boats with a work history that includes serving as the assistant director of paddling programs for the Sultana Education Foundation in Chestertown, Maryland, an educator and deck hand for the Lynx Educational Foundation in Nantucket, Massachusetts, and an activity counselor for Camp Highlander in Mills River, North Carolina. She's also been a crew member on tall ships like *Sultana* (where she served as first mate), *Lynx*, *Coaster II* and *Spirit of Independence*.

Built in 1889 by John B. Harrison on Tilghman Island for Daniel W. Haddaway, *Edna Lockwood* dredged for oysters on the Chesapeake Bay through winter and carried freight such as lumber, grain and produce after the dredging season ended. She worked faithfully for many owners, mainly out of Cambridge, Maryland, until she stopped "drudging" in 1967. In 1973 *Edna* was donated to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum by John R. Kimberly. Recognized as the last working oyster boat of her kind, *Edna Lockwood* was declared a National Historic Landmark in 1994.



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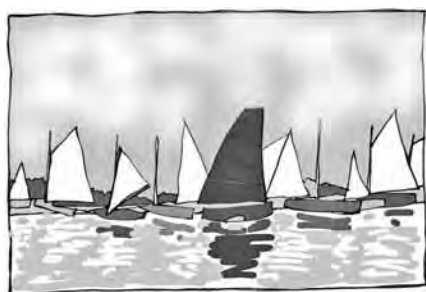
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Cedar Key Pictorial

Submitted by Dave Lucas
 Photos by Lenna Young Andrews
 creativelenna.com

Lenna took most of these pictures from their 16' Whitehall *Chelsea*. If you've ever thought of building a traditional boat but don't know which one, this was the place to be. I think just about all of the different designs were represented here on the beach, seaplane also. For a closer (larger size) look as these in fill color (and many more), just google the link below, click on a picture and scroll through them full size (there's an arrow on the sides). Thanks Lenna, these are great.
<https://photos.app.go.gl/9Dxf3SqworYJTbHx7>





Dykes, Ditches, Drains and Driblets

First cruises undertaken by Humphrey Barton (1900-1980) in the dinghy *Kittiwake*

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

THE FIRST BOAT of my own that I ever went cruising in was a centre-plate sailing dinghy named *Kittiwake*. She was 12 ft. 6 in. long and I bought her at Peterborough, of all unlikely places, a good many years ago. She had a standing lugsail of 120 sq. ft., and a camping outfit which consisted of an awning that could be spread over the boom and laced to the gunwales, and little else. I doubt whether it is practicable to cruise in a smaller craft.

At night I slept on the bottom boards where I could just lie flat under the main thwart. Once there, all was well, so long as I did not want to turn over. That was a miserable process because the thwart was so low that I had to wriggle right out, turn over and then re-thread myself. Each performance required so much energy that I was usually wide awake before I had wriggled back into the warmth of the blankets. Small wonder that as often as not I preferred to stay where I was until sleep overcame discomfort.

My first cruise in *Kittiwake* was during the Whitsun holiday of 1924. By following various dykes, ditches, drains and driblets I contrived to sail from Peterborough to King's Lynn. The distance is 52 miles and well do I remember that there were fifty-two bridges, at every one of which, except two, I had to lower both mast and sail.

The cruise was mainly lacking in incident but not in interest. To me it was all a great adventure. I took only a day and a half to make the passage as I was lucky enough to have a strong fair wind all the way.

As the weather seemed set fair, I resolved to return by way of the Wash and the River Nene. Leaving King's Lynn early one fine morning I carried the first of the ebb tide with me and made fair progress despite a light head wind.

It was the first time I had been to

sea, and my dinghy, which had never appeared very large, seemed the merest cockleshell on those open waters. Beating to windward down the Lynn Channel, with a sluicing tide under me, was a new and unforgettable experience.

The boundless expanse of sparkling blue sea and yellow sand appealed to me tremendously after my day and a half of ditch-crawling. Then and there I vowed that one day I would have a real sea-going yacht. Six years later I fulfilled that vow.

Grotesque looking beacons, sticking up mysteriously from doubtful depths, appeared out of the unknown and disappeared into the haze astern. I knew not what they marked, nor did I particularly care. For hours I sailed the little boat to windward without a care in the world, revelling in the glory of it all, until it dawned on me that I ought to find the entrance to the Nene.



The Wash

With the exception of a fishing boat there was not a thing in sight. I manoeuvred so that she should pass close to me.

'Where is the Knock Beacon?' I shouted across the water.

The man at the tiller gave an order and I watched one of her crew haul the foresail aweather. Her speed dropped and I drew level. The skipper spat to loo'ward over her low bulwarks and then

The West and East lighthouses either side of the mouth of the River Nene. They have extra half-moon windows on the north and south sides respectively. A ship picking up either side light is not in the channel. Skilled pilots triangulated their way through the sand banks by picking them up and losing them. The East Bank Lighthouse is known as the Sir Peter Scott Lighthouse, as he lived here, painting the geese, before WWII. It was also the lighthouse used by Paul Gallico in his novella *The Snow Goose: A Story of Dunkirk*. The lights were not lit regularly; if a high tide occurred after dark, they were lit for one and a half hours before, to one and a half hours after high water, to guide ships through the sand banks.



The 'Boston Stump': St Botolph's

Seen from the River Witham



turned to me.

'The Knock Beacon 'ee be lookin' fer? Tis away o'er there,' and he pointed towards the west. I sailed away in the direction indicated and, sure enough, in due course the Beacon appeared and I entered the Wisbech Channel. With the wind aft and the flood tide beginning to make, I drew rapidly towards the land. Running fast up the ever-narrowing channel I watched the sands turn to mud, the mud to marshland and the marsh to dry land. Soon I was sailing between the substantial stone walls that keep the river in its course and extend nearly all the way from the sea to Wisbech.

The swirling tide carried me quickly under Sutton Bridge and up to Wisbech, where I had to lower the mast for the bridges.

At dusk the wind died away, but I pulled steadily until the tide turned against me, when I anchored to await the flood.

It was nearly dawn when I awoke, for about the twentieth time, and found that the tide had turned at last. I rowed, towed and poled the boat up the remaining 15 miles of river to Peterborough, arriving in time for a late breakfast.

In three and a half days *Kittiwake* and I had sailed a hundred miles. I was well satisfied with my first cruise.

A few weeks later I started off on another little voyage. This time I intended sailing to Boston, and

old Jack Hammond, the boatman at Peterborough who was my guide and mentor, was rather worried about it. His parting injunction, as I pushed off from his landing stage by the bridge, was to leave my big mainsail at Wisbech. If I must go to sea, let it be with the small sail. Fortunately, I had enough sense to take his advice.

With a strong westerly wind the dinghy tore down the river and made short work of the twenty-odd miles to Wisbech. I arrived at nearly low water, and all that was left of the river ran with considerable force over an uneven bottom. I shot these rapids in style.

The owner of a barge, with an utter disregard for other users of the river, had run a steel wire across to the opposite bank from which she was moored. It hung about three feet above the water and I doubt if I have ever moved as quickly as I did when I spotted that wire. I let the mast come down with a run and ducked my head, just in time.

After leaving my big sail with a friend, I carried on, and by 2pm had left the shelter of the river. The wind had freshened and backed to southwest and I decided, quite wrongly as things turned out, that as it was off the land, I was justified in making the passage to Boston.

Between the River Nene and the River Welland, the sands extend for a distance of nearly eight miles out into the Wash,

and they dry out at low water. But a dinghy such as *Kittiwake* can shorten the distance considerably by making use of some shallow channels that intersect the sands. I proposed making full use of those channels.

Intent on the navigation I did not notice, until it started to rain, that the weather was deteriorating rapidly.

After threading my way through a maze of sandbanks, I crossed the Gat Channel and put the boat aground on the opposite side. A narrow spit of sand named Hook Hill separated me from the Boston Deepes. I tried to haul the boat over it but she was too heavy for me.

By this time it was blowing quite hard and night was approaching. I was four miles from the nearest land, and about the same distance from the entrance to Boston harbour. With a sinking heart I close-reefed the mainsail and then waited impatiently for the tide to make. As the water rose I dragged the dinghy across the sands. I had to be very careful as the sand was exceedingly soft, dangerously soft in fact, and never for one moment could I let go of the boat. I realised only too well that she was my only means of salvation.

At last the water rose high enough to enable me to drag her the remaining few yards. I scrambled hastily aboard and pushed off into deep water. Even under close-reefed mainsail, a mere pocket handkerchief of a sail, the dinghy travelled at a great pace. In a few minutes I had rounded the end of Black Buoy Sand. From there it would be a beat to windward up to the entrance to Boston harbour.

With the wind against the tide there was a short breaking sea in the Boston Deepes, and *Kittiwake* made very heavy weather of it. With her low freeboard, she was hardly suited for serious sea work and she shipped water almost as fast as I could bail it out.

A sturdy five-tonner, with a couple of reefs down in her mainsail, would have made light work of it, but there is a world of difference between a deep keeled,



'Thank God for the pilot vessel!'
Black scraperboard illustration (inverted here) drawn by J Chancellor to accompany the account in *The Sea and Me*

heavy ballasted yacht and a river sailing dinghy.

A particularly steep little sea gave the boat a jerk that carried away the forestay. I expected the mast to fall on my head at any moment. The iron gate across the tabernacle bent into a semicircle, but it held. With no forestay I could no longer beat to windward, so I decided to run for the pilot boat that was at anchor a few miles down the Deep. It was a mad decision and one that nearly cost me my life.

If I had been more experienced I would have known that the right thing to do in the circumstances would have been to have lowered mast and sail and pulled towards the north side of the Channel. Along the edge of the bank I would probably have found smooth water, and an hour's hard rowing would have taken me to the harbour. But I looked on *Kittiwake* as a sailing boat and not as a rowing boat I could no longer sail her to windward, so I would sail her to loo'ard.

With her mast stepped right in her nose she was never a good boat when running and even in smooth water she could play some queer tricks. When running square before a fresh breeze she would start to roll, and each roll would be a little bigger than the last. Eventually she would be tearing wildly along, flinging her boom high into the air at one moment

and letting it down with a smack on to the water the next. It scared me stiff the first time she did it. I tried jumping from one side of the boat to the other and pushing the tiller across as she rolled, but it never made the slightest difference. The only way to stop her was to bring her round into the wind.

This was the boat that carried me seaward before half a gale of wind and a steep breaking sea that increased rapidly as I drew away from the land.

It was nearly dark by this time, but the riding light on the pilot boat was plainly visible and I steered for it. All my hopes were based on reaching that distant pin point of light.

The dinghy was shipping water incessantly; it slopped in everywhere. I bailed as hard as I could but the water was sloshing about inches deep over the bottom boards and the depth was increasing. Steering became more and more difficult. The boat was running away with me. Time after time she nearly capsized. But the light ahead was getting nearer. If only I could keep her afloat for a few more minutes all would be well.

An awkward sea caught her starboard quarter and started to slew her round. At all costs I had to save a gybe. I shoved the tiller hard down. She hesitated. Then suddenly she answered. Too late, I put the tiller up. She was round, broadside on to wind and sea. Broached to. Starboard gunwale under. Sea pouring in. Sail thrashing in the wind. I was close to the pilot boat and yelled like mad for help. But there was no answering hail. Not a sound. Only the wind and the sail and the breaking seas.

I thought the boat was sinking. It did not seem possible that anything could float with such a weight of water and gear in her. But she did float. She recovered. I hung out over the starboard gunwale to help her and then bailed furiously. At the same time

I bore away for the pilot boat again. The water was up to the thwarts and the last few yards were touch and go. The pilot vessel was tide-ride and lying nearly broadside on to the sea. I crossed her bow and then luffed up under her lee. In a second I pulled the sail down, grabbed the painter, seized hold of the heel of a davit and scrambled aboard. I was none too soon, the dinghy was nearly full up and could not stay afloat much longer. There was no one on deck, so I made the painter fast and went below.

There were five pilots in the saloon and I have never seen five men look more astonished. With one accord their lower jaws dropped and their eyes opened wide. I nearly laughed. I told them that I had arrived, but only just, and implored them to help me save the dinghy. We all rushed up on deck and hung over the port rail. Various were the remarks made, not all of them complimentary, either to myself or the boat. They seemed astonished that I had got there at all and I was mildly admonished for going to sea in such a boat.

We took everything out of her and, after dropping her astern on a long coir warp, we all went below, out of the wind and rain. I was given a hot meal and some dry clothes, both of which were most welcome.

After explaining how I had got into such a predicament, I turned into a spare berth. But it was a long time before I could get to sleep. The recollection of those last few minutes in the dinghy was still too vivid ... it still is, even to this day.

As an adventure, that short cruise exceeded my wildest expectations; as an example of good seamanship the less said about it the better, but, hang it all, everyone has to learn.

The next day I managed to beat up to Boston and, by taking the dinghy back to Peterborough by road, put an abrupt end to the cruise and to this particular story.

Humphrey Barton
(*'Kittiwake'*, from *'The Sea and Me'*)

Solo September Cruise

Excerpted from "Blueberry, a Boat of the Connecticut Shoreline" by David Hume.

Sometimes it seems forever before the tide turns the current in the Connecticut River. I had waited until after one pm before leaving Hamburg Cove in the expectation that I would get a rapid ride down past Essex to Saybrook light, but the buoys were still leaning upriver as I approached the Baldwin Bridge and the wind had gone fitful and fluky in the west. When I left the Cove the tide seemed full and the grassy inlet where the Eight Mile River meets the Connecticut was full to the brim. The usual resident pair of great blue heron were elsewhere, presumably poking into shallower waters, and the local swans were dabbling at the point where the Outer Cove narrows down to the eastern channel that runs from the flat half tide rock north past the older houses among the hemlocks and maples.

It is sad to see the hemlocks turning grey and dry as the blight takes them, a few more each year. Soon they will all be gone. Along this shore homeowners are planting deciduous trees and there are a few white pines coming in. I wish people would plant fewer white pines, especially the Department of Transportation which has been decorating the approaches of rebuilt bridges with them. In two year's time they make the view of the water quite invisible from the road. Soon driving through rural Connecticut will be like passing through a green tunnel as the unprofitability of small farms encourages less open land and we become a sort of replacement for the threatened Brazilian rain forest. All the views of the famed American Impressionist painters around Old Lyme are already invisible. The glimpses from the highways are disappearing fast.

The morning had started sunny and windless in the Inner Cove. I got away from the dock to the comfortable muttering of the little diesel in "Blueberry's" belly. As I motored down the length of the cove I set up the Autohelm to keep me in the channel, although almost any place in Hamburg is adequate for our 2'10" draft if the tide is full. With the little black box minding the helm I set the staysail, peaked up the main with the weight of the boom still on the topping lift, and then let it settle to take the wrinkle out of the sail. In the Outer Cove we passed Jim Raftery's lovely schooner "Golden Goose" and Bob Baumer's "Gjoa" before we made the turn out to the west.

I cut the red nun on the south side of the mouth of the Cove and tried to lay a tack to clear the green daymarker #29 at the south end of Brockway Island. No luck. Wind to south of west and the tide still hindering the tacks down river. The tower and concrete base of the daymarker supported their usual population of cormorants and a few more besides. Two were up at the light on the top, just above the big bundle of sticks that marked the osprey nest. The osprey were obviously not at home today. The cor-



morants yielded possession of the top of the tower when they were.

I powered down towards Ely's Ferry, shut down the diesel and surveyed the river. There was only one other boat underway. Tuesdays are better than weekends on the Connecticut in late summer. My companion turned out to be a battered Brockway skiff with an ancient Evinrude on his transom. He was trailing a fishing line in the swirl of the still rising tide north of the marker. There were a few high cirrus clouds in the west and a clear straight contrail pointing to the southwest towards Kennedy airport a hundred miles beyond my horizon. I could barely see his silver triangular shape leading the white pencil lines of his trail. I'm sure he couldn't see me, although even from 30,000 feet he had a great view of the river, the scrawl of Lord Cove, the north and south coves of Saybrook and Essex, the islands of the lower river: Great, Goose, Nott, Brockway, Calves and Eustasia. He had outdone the full three days of my planned voyage in the last five minutes.

I took a flat tack towards the Essex shore and rolled out the big jib with a satisfying whump as the wind filled it. It sets flying on its roller at the end of the flat fingered bowsprit that Phil Bolger had designed. "Blueberry" made a nice surge forward and

leaned off the breeze. When the depth sounder read ten feet I tacked again and headed back to the east. That side of the river is the deeper and I still had thirty-eight feet when I was almost to the rock ledges under the trees along the shore. I tacked just a few yards from them.

With jib, staysail, and main all pulling, "Blueberry" can get up to better than five knots in a middling light air, but the tide was still besting the current by a couple of knots and the wide flat tacks I was making didn't get me down past Essex until after 2:00 pm.

As I passed the old Steamboat Dock, now the Connecticut River Museum, the wind shifted into the west and I eased off the sheets of all three sails on a south-easterly heading for the lower part of the river. A private dock with the British Union Jack flying was just off to starboard of my course. I shaved by the wrong side of the nun that marks the Nott Island shoal, taking advantage of my meager draft and the full tide. As I passed the nun the meter read 5.1 feet, three feet of which was the midday flood.

The long twisting point of land that separates Lord Cove from the river is decorated by one shingled cabin, itself sentineled by a rakishly skewed flag pole flying a pale, horizontally segmented American flag. I've never seen anyone about the place and today

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

was no exception, but the flag has a touch of presence about it, even if it flies day and night in any weather.

The old Baldwin Bridge is being replaced by something that looks from beneath like a pair of sleek toothpaste extrusions done in concrete. They already span the river between Old Lyme and Old Saybrook so that just now there are three bridges, all with vertical clearance of better than sixty feet. Underneath there is a burgeoning forest of gigantic concrete pillars set on granite-cased bases. The tide swirls around them and the wind drops sharply as you pass among them. A boost with the diesel seemed appropriate. Beyond the highway bridges, there is a stretch of open river north of the much lower railroad bridge. Here there is room to tack and jill about waiting for the draw to open. Today was almost clear sailing, but

the bridge started slowly down while I was still a quarter of a mile short of the gap. I switched the VHF to channel 13 on a polite low power of one watt and summoned the attention of the "Old Lyme Draw," announcing that I was "Blueberry requesting the time of your next opening."

"This is Old Lyme Draw. Where are you now, Cap'n; how far are you?" I suddenly had an image of him peering alternately up and down the river from his elevated cabin among the bridge girders, trying to discern a 200-foot oil barge and pushing tug coming down from Hartford or in from Long Island Sound. Those tows have a huge momentum and would need a couple of miles to stop if the bridge was to stay closed in front of them.

"I'm the little gaff cutter about 300 yards north of you," I answered.

There was a brief silence. I began to wonder if he thought I could squeak under the closed span in spite of "Blueberry's" 20-foot mast and high peaked gaff that reached above the navigational and strobe lantern at the truck. I reflected that I really had never figured out just how high the tip of the raised gaff was from the waterline.

"It'll be about twelve minutes, Captain," spoke the metallic voice of the radio.

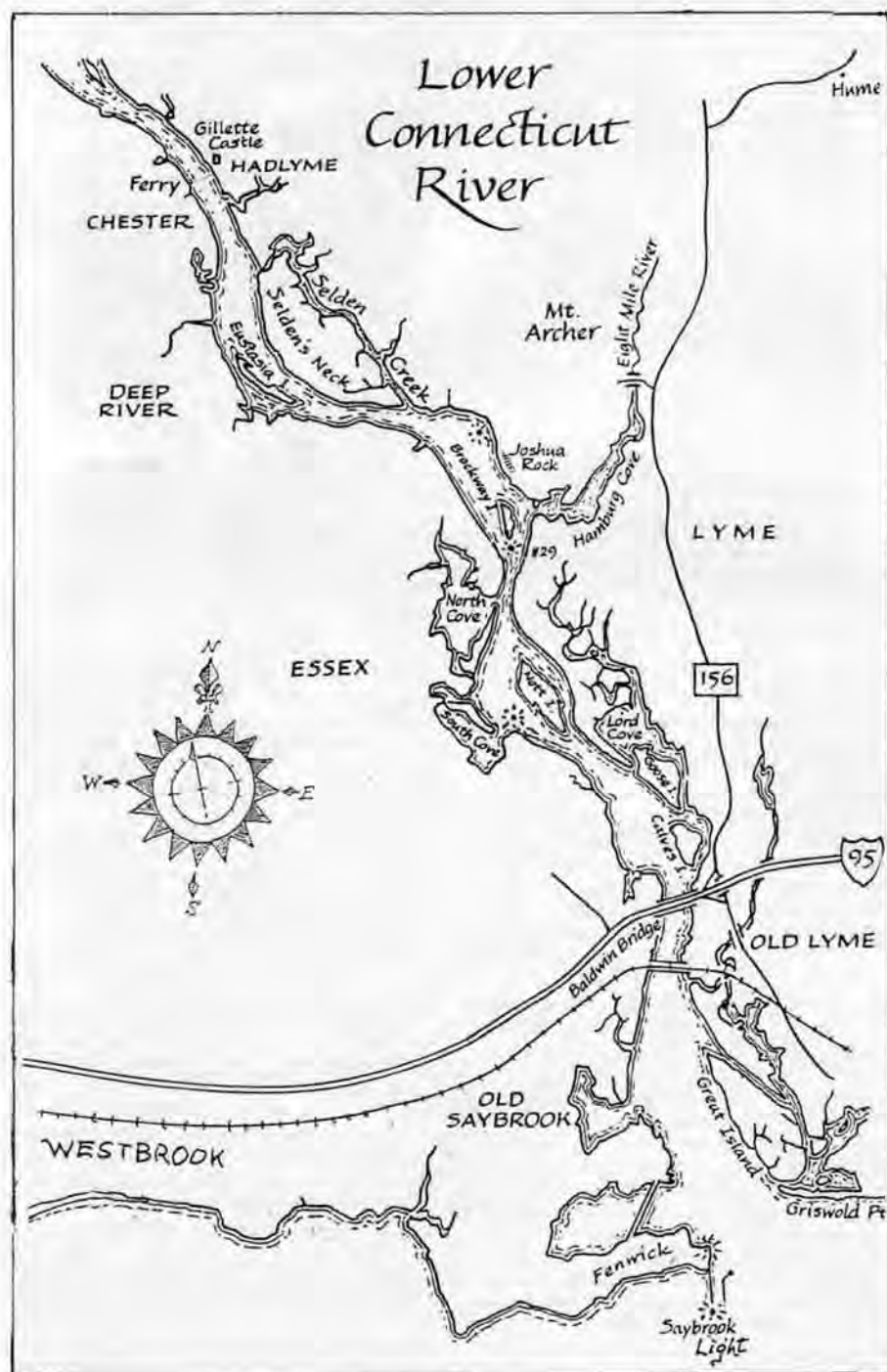
I thanked the Old Lyme Draw and switched back to the dual watch of channels Nine and Sixteen that has become the standard for VHF communication. Sixteen is now meant to be reserved for emergencies only and the usual boat traffic calling channel has become Nine. When cruising single-handed, being alone is not at all lonely, but hearing the communication in the neighborhood is a pleasant sort of company and an occasional word with a bridge keeper is a memorable event of sociability.

I was joined by a sport fisherman with a high tuna tower and a white yawl with her sail covers buttoned on. They drifted in the slack water while I circled between the banks for ten minutes until there was a husky hoot and a deep grumble from the huge ancient bridge machinery. I touched the start button and went through the gap under power. Massive timbering protecting the stone abutments of the bridge on both sides shows signs of rough contact with vessels of much larger size than mine. I wonder how many of the tugs bashed into the timbers and just rammed their barges through, tearing off a few pieces of 12 x 12 tarred fir in the process.

The southwest afternoon onshore breeze favored long tacks down the river and short ones across it to get out to the breakwaters and the two lighthouses at Saybrook Point. Progress was slow, in spite of the fact that the tide had finally turned in our favor. The charts below the bridges are in the 1 to 40,000 scale and the location of the subsurface piles and shoals are hard to estimate. A shadowy presence of something called "Sodom Rock" is somewhere to the near east side of the buoyed channel. The implied discomfort of its title is enough to keep most boats to the west of the red markers, but I saw a couple of planing motor boats, Bayliners I thought, skimming by its presumed location.

After a while I cast discretion to the wind and bore off past Griswold Point to the southeast with a nervous eye on the digits of the depth meter. It rapidly dropped to two feet and then for a moment showed a horrifying 1.8 in between a couple of 2.0s. The sounder's transducer is well over a foot below the load water line, but one and six tenths feet on the meter should be hard aground. With the tide at the full flood, going aground on the bar at Saybrook in the late afternoon is a lousy idea. I resolved not to cut the easterly channel so fine again.

But the bar at the mouth of the river, between Old Saybrook and Old Lyme, has in the long run been a friend to the yachtsman. From the time that Adrien Block sailed his Manhattan-built "Onrust" up Long Island Sound and explored the lower Connecticut valley in 1614, all have agreed with him that the lower stretch of the river was "very shallow". Until late in the Nineteenth Century, it remained too shallow for a deep water seaport and too wide to bridge. As a



result the principal cities of Connecticut grew at New London on the Thames, at Hartford, well up the valley, and in the other towns to the west that were blessed with the natural resource of a roadstead such as Norwalk and Bridgeport. Boats and even quite sizable ships were built in Essex, but they had to be floated down river without ballast, guns, or spars, hoisted over the bar with "camels" or pontoons and towed to New London or Noank to receive the rest of their equipment.

Nineteenth-century charts show a zigzag channel that could be threaded by vessels of less than ten-foot draft with local knowledge, but busy cities and seaports never developed along these banks. In recent times a dredged fairway between stone jetties leads the tugs and oil barges into this inland waterway to the very center of New England. But the shores of the lower valley are still unblemished by industrial development or even, for the most part, by railroad tracks along the river. Would that the Thames had been so spared.

Much of the valley shore line has been protected as park land in recent years, although a few dozen large palazzi of the Era of Deregulation now squat where even a few years ago there was woodland, meadow, marsh and high rocky shore. Most of these new oversized houses are decorated with identical arched but un-palladian windows of great size, suggesting that the architects all shopped out of the same Peachtree or Anderson catalogues for their fenestration. They bring a whiff of Boca Raton or Key Biscayne to the "land of steady habits." They seem not to be grounded in the local sense of place. Come to think of it, Palladio himself got his commissions from nouveaux riches mercenary captains that made a buck or a ducat out of protecting the Signori of Venice. They retired to country farms but needed an architect with the chutzpa to make them look like nobility by the elegance of his line and the orders of his columns.

Stanford White did the same thing for the railroad barons of the late nineteenth century. I guess the only difference is that Andrea and Stanford were much better architects and their clients were proportionately a hell of a lot richer than the hotshot investment bankers and leveraged buy-out operators of the 1980s.

But all those houses are back up the river from the mouth. There was very little undeveloped land for them down here. Beside me now were the little beach cottages of Old Lyme Shores, and astern I could see a few of the middle-sized, comfortable, single-style homes of Fenwick. I wonder at the future of some of the new homes. A couple of them are currently in the hands of the Resolution Trust since their owner's or builder's bankruptcies took several of the local lending institutions down with them. A mile to the west stands a grinning stone castle on Cornfield Point that would seem to be a pre-1929 version of the same sort of overblown architecture that afflicted the 1980s. It is used today as a Neapolitan seafood restaurant and steakhouse.

The wind had dropped to ten to twelve in the south west and the hour had gotten past four o'clock. 1600 hours in nautical time, but I was well off the Lyme shoals now and able to set a course of 100° Magnetic for the south tip of Black Point. But the wind dropped still more and by 1700 I was under

power, amusing myself by punching a new waypoint into the Loran and wondering if I should have to spend the night in the Niantic River rather than farther east.

But the tide was running a couple of knots in my favor and in spite of being deserted by the wind, 6 PM found me south of Goshen Point, making the turn to the northeast past the Harkness Park and the white sand of Ocean Beach Park with its attendant offshore rocks. The great square buildings of the Millstone atomic power plant glowed pink in the late sun over my left shoulder. I had three quarters of an hour of September daylight left to get up into New London and find an anchorage for the night.

The four Pfizer stacks and the confusion of pea green sheds and rust red lumps of the General Dynamics Electric Boat Company emphasized the differences between the Thames and Connecticut Rivers. I powered slowly through the anchorage at Green's Harbor and finally dropped the big (11 pound) Bruce anchor between two moored sailboats just under the protruding stone bulkhead of the US Navy Underwater Sound Laboratories. A great grey arch of a magnetic field producing gadget of huge proportion loomed above me.

I lighted cabin and anchor lights, put Murray Periah's tape of Mozart's 16th Piano Concerto on the boom box, broke out a package of nacho chips and made a martini on the rocks. The usual caveats about drinking alone don't seem to me to apply to singlehanded sailing when one is anchored for the night. Besides, "Blueberry" is a cheerful and communicative companion in herself.

I had started drawing a cartoon for "Blueberry" more than a dozen years earlier, hardly even believing that I would ever actually build such a boat. But the fascination of trying to fit the ideal accommodation for a singlehander into a twenty foot sloop led me on. I drew a gaff rig to avoid the need for a spinnaker to give her downwind power. The shoal draft was for the Connecticut River, as was the self-tending staysail, to make short river tacks simple. The inboard ten horsepower diesel was my reply to years of winding a rope around the flywheel of the old British Seagull while drifting backwards in the tide toward some low bridge or shoal. A pair of batteries to use in alternation for a reliable start in the morning and a locker for a removable Coleman "Oscar" as a rot and

mold-proof ice box were interior design elements garnered from experience.

The Seacock stove set my supper of tinned enchiladas bubbling in the pan. Served with sliced tomatoes, breadsticks, cottage cheese and a beer, this makes an acceptable supper if you are hungry enough. I had a ripe nectarine and a couple of oatmeal cookies for dessert.

"Blueberry" carries a condensed library of some thirty or forty books, but sleep and waking on a boat are closely governed by the daylight and the dark and I was unable to stay with Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" for very long. Rolling from the harbor traffic was minimal and I slept well enough for the first night out. Anyone on a cruise has discovered that the second night in the bunk of a small boat is more soporific than the first, but I had no trouble getting to sleep.

Morning came up pink with some mist, the surface of the harbor slick and glassy. To the south, Fisher's Island Sound was grey with an off shore fog. I had breakfast and mopped up the dew in the cockpit with the big bailing sponge. I decided to explore for a bit up the Thames before setting out for Mystic to the east. Despite some dire comments about the foul state of the bottom near my anchorage, the Bruce came up easily and clean. I powered over to the east shore, properly the city of Groton, and went up past Electric Boat. Up on the ways there was a huge rust colored shape with "USS Rhode Island" painted on its side in disproportionately small letters. I don't know if it will be a Trident or a Seawolf, but it looks enormous from the water.

I passed on and recrossed the river to the town dock by the railroad station. Union Station in New London is one of Henry Hobson Richardson's early great buildings. Its impressive bulk stands alone next to the water across the tracks, looking very modern in its shape. His library up at the other end of State Street is less successful, but for railroad stations, I'll take Richardson over White or Palladio any time.

I turned in towards the city marina and noted a good gathering of men fishing from the dock. They weren't catching anything that I could see and they looked as innocent of employment as I, but much less contented to be so.

(To Be Continued)



Solo September Cruise - II

Excerpted from "Blueberry, a Boat of the Connecticut Shoreline" by David Hume.



New London and Groton are on hard chances now. Their economy is dominated by the Navy, the Coast Guard and the submarine industry. General Dynamics has stolidly refused to make any attempt to re-tool even a portion of Electric Boat and convert to some new non-bellucose form of industry, preferring to use surplus capital to bid up the price of their own stock. This keeps the shareholders happy and thus the management in their seats, but it does nothing for the out of work men fishing on the dock on a weekday morning.

As I repassed the huge shipyard on my way back down the river, it seemed to me that the place had a slack and discouraged look even where ships were actually being built. A few men moved about slowly among the rusting shapes and metal scaffolding of the ways, but there was very little movement in the yards and only one blue-flickering welder's spark showing from my vantage point. Maybe there is a lot of work going on inside the giant green sheds or in the interior of the partially completed Rhode Island. But if the exterior of the hull is finished now (and no one seems to be working further on it), I wondered why they don't give it a coat of paint. Possibly it is made of that steel-cum-copper alloy that is protected by its own coating of rust. Anyway, it looks as though things are winding down in Groton.

But then, as I headed down the channel, I saw a tall black tower atop a wrinkle in the glassy surface of the water that merged into the grey fog to the south. A modern submarine on the surface really doesn't produce any bow wave at all, just a gentle lumping up of the water at the sloping front of its nearly awash deck. Most of the great beast is invisible anyway, just twenty yards of rounded deck fore and aft of the sail and a slender black fin projecting from the water astern. An ensign on a portable flagstaff had been affixed to the aft end of the conning tower and three men were visible on the flying bridge. Another four crew members stood about on the deck aft. No one appeared to be doing much of anything and they studiously ignored the twenty-foot gaff cutter on their starboard hand.

"Blueberry" is seldom ignored by other vessels. Bow-sprited gaffers of our size with coal-scuttle deck houses, handkerchief-sized forestaysails, lazy jacks, runners and the like are unusual enough to require a glance or a wave, sometimes even an approving hand signal or thumbs up, and even on occasion a dive to the cabin to bring up the camera. Not the submariners. All stared straight upriver and though they passed about a hundred feet away, I detected no smile. I waved cheerily anyway. Their ship looked trim and quite able, made no wake to disturb my musing, and even gave promise that the rusty Leviathans on the beach at Electric Boat might someday look ship-shape in their turn.

The seriousness of the submarine's crew looked like the sort of thing one might expect on a training mission out of the big Navy Sub Base at Gales Ferry, up the Thames. At least they didn't look as though they were returning from a three month stay under the polar ice cap; no signs of anticipation, much less of jubilation among the riders of that black cigar.

An hour later I was sailing slowly before the wind off Groton Long Point watching the line of bearing on the Seafloater light tower intersect with North Dumpling. Progress was slow, but the hour was early and the temperature pleasant. My goal had been defined as the 12:15 opening on the Mystic River where Route US One crosses a splendid old bascule bridge between ice cream parlors, lemonade stands, pizza houses and other delicious accoutrements of a good tourist town.

I switched the tiny Loran over to the Course/Speed readout and eventually got a fairly consistent figure of 2.5 knots to the east. Considering a knot and half tide running against me, that worked out to something like four knots through the water which is about what it felt like. The breeze from the southwest had picked up a bit and, as always, my spirits improved with the wind. The day was a hazy sunny one. Public Radio was providing me J. S. Bach's Suite #3. A couple of small aircraft were practicing landing patterns at the Groton-New London Airport just north of me.

Bach was occasionally interrupted by the VHF rasping out Coast Guard reports of people in trouble. A Hobie Cat with two aboard was overdue since last night outside of Buzzards Bay, south of Westport Massachusetts. A forty foot power boat was burning in the water some ten miles south of Montauk. I was glad to be happily coming up towards Noank. One of the big party schooners out of Mystic passed me on its tourist trip out into Fisher's Island Sound. He was pursued by a launch, hove to for a moment, and then resumed his direction. I think he took on a late passenger.

Coming up towards Noank I passed Abbott's where the lobsters are served to be eaten at picnic tables along the dock front. The wind was fair for threading up the Mystic anchorage, around its various turns until the span of the railroad swing bridge was in sight. I came around south, into the wind, set up the autohelm, put the engine at idle, and dropped the sails to wait for the opening. The railroad span opened soon enough, but just as I was congratulating myself on perfect timing, I came up to the Route One bridge under power and was able to read the clearly lettered sign stating that the bridge opened at 15 minutes past the hours from 7 am to 6 pm except at 12:15!

I pulled over to the east shore of the channel where there was an unoccupied space at the dock next to a newly opened lemonade stand. The owner, a pleasant woman, provided me with a large cup of slush ice lemonade and an oddly colored hot dog with mustard but no sauerkraut. With better than an hour to kill, I explored downtown Mystic in search of another roll of film.

Mystic is a tourist town that is also a pleasant place to live, especially in the off-season. There are lots of city people with Bermuda length shorts and black ankle socks in the streets all summer long, their daughters in tight bicycle pants trimmed with a couple of inches of lace at mid-thigh. Their sons wear drooping khaki shorts above aggressively black, disproportionately large, high topped basketball sneakers, usually not fastened or tied. They walk with a sort of stoop and shuffle, as though they were a lit-

tle embarrassed at being related to their parents, or perhaps even to themselves. Late childhood is a miserable time. I felt like hugging a couple of the boys around the shoulders and telling them that things would get better in a few years. The girls seemed to be having more uninhibited fun just now.

The dock mistress on duty at the Mystic Seaport waved me into a slip among a number of those vacant at this season of the year. I tied up, flemished down sheets and halcyards in case any tourists happened by to admire her, and left "Blueberry" to walk up past the shipyard into the Seaport Museum proper.

There are enough things going on at the Mystic Seaport so that it is sometimes hard to figure out just what the place is meant to be. It is a costumed mid-nineteenth century replica of a New England town filled with real boats and a good number of real houses, although a few are reproductions. It also sells lemonade, but from an older formula than the lady's down by the bridge. But the Seaport is also a museum and the staff has a passionate attachment to authenticity of material and design. Boats being built in the boat shop are done in old materials: that is there is no plywood in sight, but I suspect that some modern glues are occasionally used and a lot of the tools are shining examples of the newest power equipment. The style of dress on the young concessionaires is nicely from the 1840s, the period of the flagship of Mystic, the "Charles W. Morgan".

But some of the best small boats in the collection are Herreshoffs of the early part of this century and the second best vessel in the fleet, the "L.A. Dunton", was launched in 1921. I confess to being non-purist in my

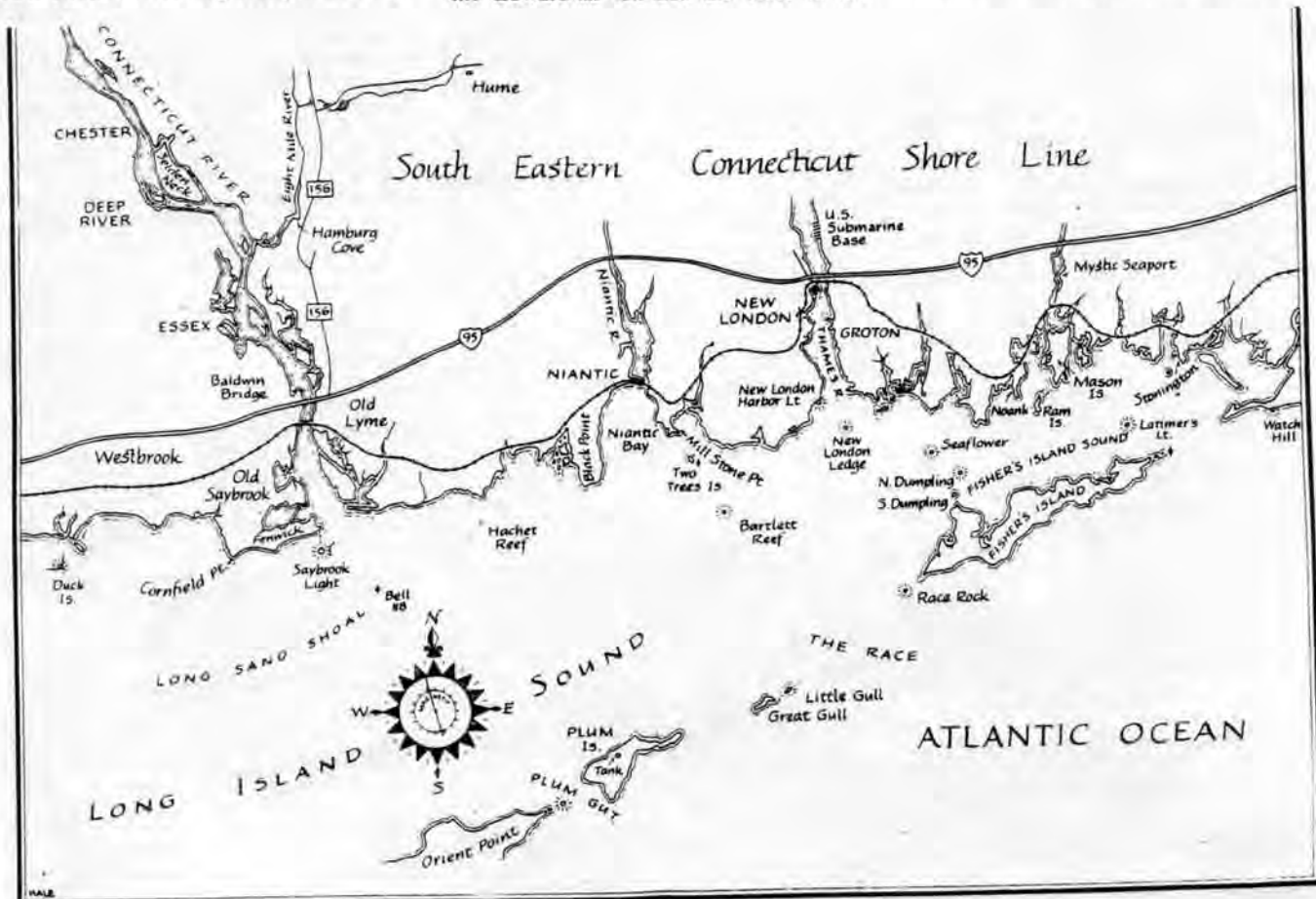
approach to such things and I rather liked the ungleamed attic quality of the Seaport a few years ago. I don't mourn the removal of the Japanese midget submarine found originally in Pearl Harbor, but the lifeboat in which some impossible number of survivors had spent two or three months at sea was one of my favorites.

They are currently sawing off the "pinkie" stem of a wooden boat because the vessel didn't have such originally. It was remodeled forty or fifty years ago, a discovery that was only made after the boat had been in the Seaport collection for several decades. I suppose that with the space for exhibiting things being limited, the most authentic should be shown to the public. The steel-hulled "Joseph Conrad" was originally called something else, but she made a romantic cruise under Allan Villiers and the earlier name was less illustrious and Danish, so the name plate hasn't been restored. The blacksmith hasn't taken to forging authentic toggle-headed harpoons; too complicated. Even the sailmaker has an electric-powered sewing machine that helped him get through the tough canvas work of putting a riding sail on "Florence", the little wooden Stonington dragger that is one of the newer additions to the fleet.

There is still plenty of stuff in the attic. One of the most authentic is a model of a fictional boat, Ratty's 14-foot Thames scull. My old friend Lois Darling spent the last few months of her life perfecting it right down to the detail of the luncheon basket with leather strap. She made the perfect little shallop in the traditional dollhouse scale of an inch to the foot, but crewed it with people-sized miniatures of the Rat in proper river garb of the Edwardian era and the Mole in his

landsman's waistcoat but with his tie off and his collar open for the warm spring day. The boat was for a time in the Children's Museum in a nicely accessible location, but later it was put away and the curators haven't found a permanent place for it. I hope they will. So many yachtsmen and women learned first of the delights of messing about in boats from that lovely little craft in "The Wind in the Willows" that it seems a pity not to have the model of the real thing out where it can be seen.

Mystic Seaport is least well enjoyed by the hurried tourist that has to "get through it" before the end of a one or even a two day visit. Just lounging around the place, listening and looking, gives the greatest return. I rounded the green, hearing the chanteyman lead a chorus of visitors in an anchor-lifting ditty with words of several possible levels of meaning. The "Morgan" was dressed in top-sails, fore course, and a couple of jibs. As I stood on the Chubb wharf beside her, the afternoon southwester made her heel gently toward the dock and the gang plank slid a foot or more back and forth on a sheet-iron landing plate. It was nice to hear her creak with the motion. Years ago, when I first came to Mystic, she was bedded down in the mud of the river bottom, held there by her ballast in all but the highest spring tides, but she has been afloat again now for fifteen or twenty years and her bottom planking is still the same century and a half old oak that she was built with. Out beyond her, two dozen little Dyers were tacking about in a confusion of primary colored sails. Every so often they would fall into a regular pattern quite magically as the inaudible starting horn for the next race brought them all onto the same tack at the same instant. The livery



catboat "Breck Marshall" passed inside them on the way up the river with a half dozen passengers aboard. Her big gaff-headed mainsail had a patch of new material in it. The two tones of sail cloth added to her authenticity. She is a perfectly beautiful boat in any case, but one that gains grace from age even though she is a reproduction, built only a few years ago in the Seaport's own Boatshop.

Back in "Blueberry's" cabin I listened to the NOAA weather forecast and consulted Eldridge's Tide and Pilot Book for the details of my return voyage on the following day. The flood was scheduled to turn fair at the Race between Fisher's Island and Plum Island by 0800. That would give me until half past two in the afternoon to be inside the estuary of the Connecticut if I was to have a ride on the tide in Long Island Sound and a lift up the river to home. "Blueberry's" engine can handle the current of the river well enough, but the wind was to be the predictable southwest summer zephyr, perhaps strengthening to 15 to 20 in the afternoon, and I would have to tack against it. Beating to windward across a falling tide of two and a half knots would reduce my speed over the bottom to something like a knot and a half or two even in a good wind, with "Blueberry" doing her best hull speed of around five and a half to six. At that pace I would spend all day and some of the night on the trip home.

The tide is always more important than the wind for a small sailboat in Long Island Sound. The last time I had tried such a course, the wind freshened to more than twenty and the rising tide was pushed into quite a fearful chop on the seaward side of all the points projecting from the Connecticut shore. Either more wind or less, an early start to the west was obviously a good idea.

But even the 07:15 bridge opening at Mystic would leave me with several hours of sailing before I got past Sea Flower reef and out into the Sound where the rising tide could benefit me. I decided to get down the Mystic River and out past Mason's Island before the early dark of September required my anchoring for the night. The chart revealed a bight on the east side of Ram Island, just east of Noank, that looked like an

appropriate harbor, out of the way of the swells pushed up by the prevailing westerly winds. Given the distance and the time of sunset, I decided to push for the five fifteen bridge opening. Given the state of my galley and the prospect of a second tinned dinner in two days, I concluded that a four o'clock supper at the bar of the Seaman's Inn would do nicely.

The Inn's bar is one of the better remodelings of that often altered restaurant. The ceiling is ancient, stamped sheet metal painted cream, the Thonet bentwood chairs have dark red plush seats, and the menu is written on a chalk board just to the left of the door. A solitary diner is accommodated at a high bar stool at any hour of the day. Even if it weren't on the posted list, the pleasant bartender said he could produce a lobster salad and a sidle of Samuel Adams bitter. Since feeding oneself is the least expense of supporting a sailboat, I figured I could order a la carte with impunity. Even with a side order of french fries.

We caught the bridge opening at 17:15 handily and powered down the Mystic anchorage, following the zigzag of the channel most of the way, but the tide was nearly full and I cut in between boats that seemed to have as much draught as we, making a course more or less directly for the north horn of the crescent of Ram Island. This was a new anchorage for me, but it was attractively described in the Complete Boating Guide. I came in from the north-east, being passed along the way by an able looking lobster fisherman power boat with "Ram Island" and "Mystic" lettered on its transom. When I entered the shallow bay it was tied up at the somewhat shaky looking dock on the other horn of the cove.

A wire fence bisects the waist of the island, separating a middling large house with attendant trees and lawns on the left side from scrub vegetation on the other. I assumed that the sheep would be on the right but I saw none. Gulls were plentiful on the right and a single child in a yellow sweater squatted by the waterside on the other side. The water in the little bay was very clear and I could see the individual blades of grass on the bottom eight or nine feet below. I lowered the Bruce, paid out thirty feet of rode and backed down on the diesel to dig it in.

Bruce anchors are meant to be good for anything from rock to mud but are not especially recommended for kelp or thick grass. It seemed to take hold quickly however, and I have never dragged since I've had it.

A half dozen adults and another child seemed to surround parts of the house, but the place had a disused aspect and even though windows on both sides of the house allowed me to see right through it, the silhouetted forms didn't appear to be preparing supper or even having cocktails. They gave more of the impression of caretakers than owners of the little island. As the evening settled the whole island took on a blue-grey cast against the pink and ochre sky. The shore line was black and very dark green except for the sweater of the child who seemed to be gathering mussels from the rocks.

After a while the grownups came outside and called for the girl in the yellow sweater. There was some bustling back and forth to the dock and around seven o'clock they all boarded the lobster boat and set out towards the mainland at flank speed with navigation lights burning. In all the time I had observed them I don't think anyone ever gave "Blueberry" so much as a passing glance. I guess they were used to having visitors in their anchorage in the summer months.

A number of years ago I had sent a couple of miniature bottles of Bushmill's Irish Whiskey to the mother of a friend who was hospitalized. The friend returned the favor and I still had the little bottles in the spice rack of "Blueberry's" galley. They seemed appropriate for the wilder end of the uninhabited island. I also had a chunk of Järlsburg, a nectarine and oatmeal cookies to make a complement to my early supper in Mystic. I sat in the cockpit while an orange sun settled slowly over the rocks of the northwestern end of the island. Then I retired to more Mozart in the cabin. Prescott (which I have been working on for several years) having failed to keep me up to nine on the previous evening, I switched to Procopius' "Secret History" with little more success in spite of some racy stuff about the formative years of the Empress Theodora. I set the anchor light and turned in.

The little cove supplied a somewhat more agitated berth than I had expected and I couldn't quite tell what was causing the short quick swells, the wind being gentle and coming from the island side of my mooring with only a hundred feet of fetch for the wind to press upon the water. After a tighter lashing of the tiller and securing the tintinabulating traveler of the staysail horse, I slept tolerably well until first light, around 5 am.

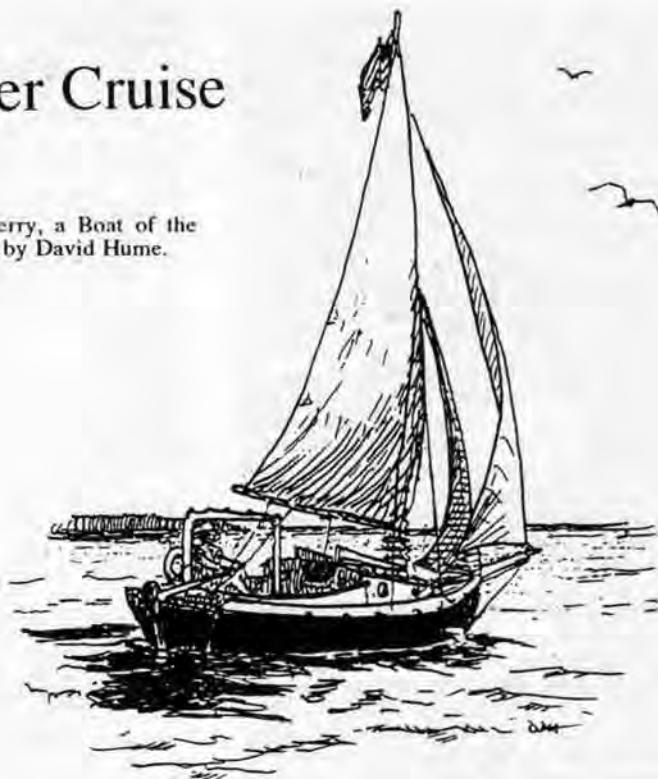
(To Be Concluded)



Solo September Cruise

Conclusion

Excerpted from "Blueberry, a Boat of the Connecticut Shoreline" by David Hume.



The dawn came up pink and grey behind us with visibility of about a quarter of the mile beyond the opening of the cove. I heard the rhythmic cluck of oars being pulled smartly against oar locks and shortly saw a double scull appear out of the fog to the south and move easily across the opening between the horns of the cove. I waved, but the two oarsmen stuck to their business and disappeared shortly into the surrounding mist, making good time towards Mystic or Stonington. They appeared to have a good idea of where they were going, but given the visibility or lack of it, I judged that they had a compass fixed to a thwart aft of the stroke oar's feet.

After the departure of the scullers I was quite alone again. Even only a half mile off Mason's Island and in between Fisher's Island and Noank, the east side of Ram Island felt totally removed from the company of other humanity. I loved visiting it, but I can't imagine living in that lonely house without a flock of guests, servants, or children. I don't mind being unsociable on a boat where I can always alter course and sail back to civilization, but the lone house on the island seemed too much of a hermitage for me. Living there must give one the feeling of being extraneous to the whole world. I hauled up the anchor and got underway at 0640.

The sun was red this morning, but it seemed to portend no warning for sailors in any way that I could see. The air had been still at dawn, but within a half hour, a dozen knots of southwest wind came up and I was just able to fetch sea room around Noank on the port tack. Groton Long Point loomed ahead. I tacked to the south and passed a lobsterman hauling his pot and skillfully extracting its contents. I gave him good morning and asked if he were doing well with his catch.

"Lot of shawts this mawnin," he observed, tossing an adolescent lobster back into the sea.

The down east accent of the state of Maine has a tendency to extend south on the coast all the way to Boston and then continues off shore to Long Island. I sometimes think you might still hear it in New Jersey if you stayed a couple of miles out to sea. Anyway, Stonington, Connecticut, sounds like Stonington, Maine, when you meet the people on the water.

Two more tacks took me in close to Mumford Cove and around the Horseshoe Reef buoy and back out towards Seafflower. I managed to weather Little Dumpling, tacked close to the shore of Fisher's Island and took a reasonably long board toward New London, leaving the brick Victorian house of the harbor light on my starboard hand. Trying to stretch the tack to the west to get beyond reach of the tide that was starting to make up the Thames, I put the engine on for a little lift to windward. To my surprise, the reliable little Vetus slowed down and stopped altogether in a few minutes. This had happened in prior years and was a sign of air in the fuel line. Restarting in a few minutes seemed to work it out. The system is supposed to be "self bleeding," but the experience didn't give me much of a feeling of confidence about the possibility of tide rips off the Connecticut shore points along the way home. Best to stay off shore if the countervailing wind and tide began to push up a chop.

By 0940 I passed Sarah Ledge and was tacking south towards The Race, ignoring the beginnings of the flood until I was able to get well beyond Race Rock where Captain George Eldridge's little current charts told me to expect better than two and a half under my transom, boosting me off to the west. The wind was dropping and presently it



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seemed that I was going nowhere at all, even though the sails were full and seemed to be drawing. There was a greasy wake of slack water to starboard, but the bubbles stood still beside me. I pushed the "go" button on the diesel and gathered way. There was a funny lurch to the helm and a muffled bump from under the keel. Looking aft I found two large lobster pot buoys bobbing to the surface behind me. I don't know what the fisherman used as an anchor for his pot, but it was evidently quite enough to hold "Blueberry" fast when I had fouled his warp.

By 11:50 I was well beyond where the square lone skeletal tower that marks Bartlett's Reef rises out of the ruffled surface of the sea. The tides make odd patterns where they pass the seaward end of Bartlett's and the dimpled and prickly look of the water has always given me a feeling of apprehension. Even though the sounder showed better than twenty five feet beneath me, I couldn't help feeling that there was something unseen down there that I might find with my keel. I found a blueberry yogurt in the bottom of the cooler where even the ice was lasting well. It made a delicious elevenses.

My next southern tack was nearly due south, across the grain of the tide, but the longitude displayed on the Loran continued to tick off another hundredth of a minute of westing every minute or so; the tide was pushing me toward home even as I sailed the short board of the starboard tack to get my course free of Black Point to fetch the Connecticut River. The little Loran is an amazing gadget; it keeps telling me where I am within a range of about sixty feet. Every time I pass a buoy or prick it off on the chart, it seems wonderfully close to the mark.

I had added the Loran to the ship's equipment after an experience in these same waters two years earlier. I was south of Black Point in a gentle afternoon breeze when a great grey fog came drifting in from the sound and shut down visibility to less than thirty yards just as I entered Niantic Bay. I set a compass course for the entrance to the Niantic River and went in with care, watching the depth sounder. That bottom is rather flat and featureless, but presently I heard a sort of mezzo soprano chain saw whine and a red and black plastic Jet-ski came whizzing out of the murk and crossed my bow. The rider reigned in his machine and circled back towards me.

"Mister," he shouted, "You're heading for the rocks!"

I thanked him and asked where away the entrance of the Niantic River.

"Over there," he said, pointing into the grey off my starboard bow.

By my reckoning the indicated course would have put me on the shore by the Millstone power plant, but I am a great respecter of what navigators call "local knowledge" and I had turned in the direction he indicated. In five minutes the red and green markers of the river channel came marching towards me out of the fog. The experience made me far more tolerant of Jet-skis, even if they are noisy, too fast, and don't look like boats. It also convinced me that now that Loran was available and cheap, it was high time to buy one.

When one is working one's way up the Sound on a fair tide, there is, in me at least, a tendency to stay too far to the north side in the belief that it gets the boat closer to her eventual destination. But the power of the tide is well out in the center, three or four miles from the Connecticut shore or even more. In spite of my best resolution, I found myself short changing my southerly tacks and starting too soon to the west again. It is hard to keep moving the ship away from her destination just to get into position to make a better shot at the goal later on.

By 13:00 the wind died and I switched over to power. With both tide and diesel pushing me towards Saybrook light I was making better than six knots over the bottom according to the C/S display on the Loran. I

cut inside the eastern breakwater and passed the inner light on Saybrook Point by half past two. Once I was in the River, a nice southwest onshore breeze came up and then tended into the west. I killed the Vetus which had been behaving erratically and broke out the rest of the Jarsburg, crackers and the penultimate nectarine for lunch. Cheese, crackers and fruit are the ideal lunch while under sail. They don't slip around like the innards of a sandwich and they require no plate. The whole collation can be dumped in a bowl with a nonskid bottom without getting the ingredients mixed up. A pocket knife serves to slice the cheese and section the fruit. I chipped off a chunk of the dwindling ice and filled a plastic double old fashioned glass with lime-flavored seitzer and a tot of Mount Gay Rum.

The boat sails herself very well in the River and the railroad bridge stayed open just long enough for me to get through. I ran easily before the wind past Essex by three o'clock. North of Ely's Ferry a trio of little white herons decorated the rocks. The osprey was on duty and the top of Daymarker #29. I took in the jib and staysail at the mouth of Hamburg Cove by 1520. Inside I powered up toward Al Hine's dock while furling the main and flemishing down the jib sheets and backstay pennants. Al's dock is decorated by a flag and Lee's box of pretty red geraniums, but there was no boat there; "Sunshine" was sold late that summer and her replacement, somewhat smaller, may not be secured until next year.

At 15:50 I tied up at Bennet's Dock, whence I started two and a half days earlier. Ten hours of working mostly to windward is a long day, but not at all unpleasant. I gathered up my sail bag of clothing and dry stores in one hand and took the cooler in the other, snapped the lock on the cabin hatch, and walked off to the pickup truck in the yacht club parking lot.

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Cape Cod to Portland

I had scheduled the earlier parts of the cruise with two time related goals in mind. First, I wanted to be north of New Jersey before the greenhead flies became an issue. I grew up in Ocean City, New Jersey, and I remember well what a menace they can be in a slow moving boat. The second goal was to have *Tidings* at Cape Cod in time for Mike Wick's 4th of July house party. I was fortunate enough to accomplish both with a little help from my friends.

Mike and Jean rent a house on the Cape for the week of July 4 every year and invite some friends to enjoy the beach, conversation and fine home cooked dining. For 2018, Meg and I were among the lucky few. We arrived at Cape Cod the evening of July 2, parked *Tidings'* trailer in the yard of an acquaintance and (after a long session of arguing with the GPS and touring various neighborhoods) arrived at the rental address in time to enjoy a late dinner and the sunset with the assembled revelers. The rental house, which is in Craigville Beach, Barnstable, backs up to a salt marsh and is about a 100 yard walk to a beach on Nantucket Sound. It is a wonderful location and we enjoyed three days of birding, swimming, sightseeing, excellent food and engaging conversation with an ever changing cast of characters. We sailed *Tidings* in Cotuit Harbor one day and out in the Sound one early evening. But the hot weather and light winds were mostly not conducive to sailing.

On the morning of July 6, Mike helped me put *Tidings* back on her trailer and Meg and I headed north toward Portland, Maine. I decided not to sail from Cape Cod to Portland because it would have been mostly ocean sailing and would take several days. I prefer to sail in bays and estuaries. And I wanted Meg to have the chance to sail in Maine during her two week vacation. So we drove along the coast instead, visited Gloucester, Rockport, Essex and Ipswich along the way and arrived in Portland on July 8. We spent a couple of days ashore being tourists, enjoying the art museum, bookshop, bakeries and local seafood. The best meals were seafood chowder at Gilbert's Chowder House and fried clams at Becky's Diner.

We launched *Tidings* at the Portland Public Boat Ramp on Cutter Street the morning of July 9. This ramp appears to be newly renovated, has ample parking and is usable at all levels of tide. I was impressed. My friend TJ Dupree, who is also a sailor, had invited me to leave the trailer in his yard in Falmouth (just north of Portland) and got me a guest mooring in Falmouth Foreside at the Portland Yacht Club where he is a member. TJ and another local sailing friend, Brian Connelly, met us at the launch ramp and helped me get *PS* off the roof of my truck.

They also invited us to a group dinner that evening with their spouses. You don't hear too much about Yankee hospitality. But it was evident and we were grateful. We enjoyed the dinner and the company and asked each of them to point out favorite anchorages on the chart. After dinner Meg and I moved aboard *Tidings*. We spent the 10th doing some local sailing, tinkering with the boat and waiting out some strong thunderstorms and departed on the 11th for a three day cruise.

This was my first time sailing in Casco Bay so I had asked TJ and Brian to recommend an itinerary. They suggested a visit

Tidings' Great Adventure (Part Six)

By Douglass Oeller

Background

This is the sixth in a series of articles in which I describe the beginning of my trip to circumnavigate the "Lower 48" of the United States in a 19' Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. The trip began at Kent Island, Maryland, on May 4, 2018. The end of Episode 5 left *Tidings* on a mooring in Cotuit Harbor on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. I left her there on June 22, drove a rental car home, and returned with spouse, truck, and trailer on July 2.

to Eagle Island to tour the Admiral Peary House, a night at Dolphin Marina in Potts Harbor and a night in Quahog Bay. We had sunny skies and moderate wind leaving Falmouth Foreside and enjoyed a picture postcard Maine day with the sunshine sparkling on the water. We sailed or motor sailed as our heading changed to make our way between Great Chebeague and Long Islands, through Chandler Cove, past Hope Island and into Luckse Sound.

This was all new territory for me and the navigation was challenging because many of the islands overlap one another when viewed from different angles of approach. So the view from the boat was hard to relate to the aerial view shown on the nautical chart. I found the best strategy was to mark my desired course on the chart, write down the compass heading and distance, follow the compass and confirm my location frequently with a hand held GPS chart plotter. I chose prominent buoys as waypoints but did not enter those into the GPS. I just used them like street signs to mark places where the magnetic course would change. It was a lot like following instructions from MapQuest.

We passed between Hope and Cliff Islands, kept west of Stave Island and then, entering Broad Sound, we turned east to reach Eagle Island. The trip had taken four hours and we were ready for a break when we picked up one of the guest moorings for visitors to the Peary House. Meg has not done much cruising and this was only the second time she had been sent forward with a boat hook to pick up a mooring line buoy. She got it on the first stab and was proudly triumphant, waving the buoy at me from the foredeck. We secured the boat, called the park office on the VHF radio and soon a couple of friendly State Park employees arrived in a motor skiff to give us a ride to the island.

Admiral Robert Peary, who grew up in Portland, was a famous explorer credited with leading the first expedition to reach the North Pole. He bought Eagle Island in 1881 at the age of 25, built a house there over a series of summers and visited whenever his naval career allowed. The Peary family donated the island and house to the state of Maine in 1967. The island is now both a State Historic Site and National Historic Landmark. The house has been restored and is furnished with many of the Admiral's possessions. It looks much as it would have during Peary's residence there.

To me, one of the most interesting artifacts was a speaking trumpet that was used to hail passing vessels in the time before radio communication between ships was common. This looks like a larger version of the megaphones that high school cheerleaders use (used?) at football games. Peary kept some of his favorite sled dogs on Flag Island, which is about a half mile northeast of Eagle Island. On full moon nights, so the story goes, the dogs would make a terrible racket howling at the moon. Peary would walk out on his front porch and use the speaking trumpet to curse at the dogs in Inuit until they became quiet.

After our tour we were delivered safely back to *Tidings* and steered a straight course to Potts Harbor and the Dolphin Marina, which is just two miles northeast of Eagle Island. Meg once again showed her prowess with the boat hook as we picked up a mooring on the first try. My logbook shows that we arrived there at 17:55 (5:55pm). TJ had recommended the Dolphin because of the sheltered location and the fact that it has a locally famous restaurant which specializes in lobster stew and blueberry muffins. That sounds like a strange combination. But lobsters and blueberries are both native to Maine. We rowed *PS* to the dinghy dock, walked up a hill to the restaurant and enjoyed a wonderful dinner featuring both specialties. The sun was setting as we rowed back out to *Tidings*. The mosquitoes arrived, as they did every evening in Maine, and we retreated into the cabin where a 12 volt fan and some screens kept us bug free and comfortable.

The staff at the marina told us that each morning they deliver free coffee and blueberry muffins to the boats on transient moorings. We were looking forward to that but awoke at sunrise and decided to row ashore to use the shower instead. When the marina office opened we took our muffins and coffee to go. The weather was again sunny and pleasant. We topped off the fuel tank from the 5gal plastic container stowed in the anchor well, checked the engine oil and fired up the D-sail to get us out of the harbor at 09:30. Then we raised all sail and headed south-east to exit Potts Harbor, cross Merriconeag Sound and pass south of Baily Island. After clearing the southern tip of Baily, we turned back to a northeast course and sailed along the eastern sides of Baily and Orr's islands toward Quahog Bay. We reached the entrance of the bay at 13:00 and decided to continue east to explore Ridley Cove and anchor there for lunch before heading into the bay for our evening anchorage.

Quahog Bay is well sheltered and, once past a mooring field west of Pole Island, there are not many houses. The entrance is narrow so we lowered sail to motor through the mooring area and explore the bay under power. I am an unapologetic fan of the "auxiliary engine." The gentle pop pop popping sound of the D-sail running just above idle was pleasant and reassuring. At 17:30 we chose a secluded spot at the top of the bay near Snow Island to anchor for the night. Meg enjoyed her "special crewperson" privileges, relaxing with a cold lemonade while I prepared dinner and handled the other evening chores. This is part of my not so secret strategy to encourage her to sail with me more often.

The morning of the 13th again dawned clear and pleasant. We enjoyed a leisurely breakfast, lingering over our coffee until 08:30. Then it was time to weigh anchor and

head back toward Falmouth Foreside. Meg's vacation days were dwindling. She needed to catch her flight home the next day. The trip back was uneventful, with the navigation becoming easier as we could now recognize some key landmarks. The good weather held and we reached the Portland Yacht Club anchorage in the early afternoon. I drove Meg to the airport early the following morning and then decided to drown my sorrow in pancake syrup at the local IHop. Feeling overfed and still lonely, I spent the day relaxing at the yacht club and doing small maintenance chores on *Tidings*.

Portland to Boothbay

On July 15 my friend Steve Warfle arrived to serve as crew for the Portland to Rockland leg of the cruise. When we were making our final plans to meet up and sail together, Steve told me that he had injured his shoulder splitting firewood and would not have full use of one arm. I asked if he could still perform CPR and he laughed and said he thought so. That confirmed he was fit for duty. I picked Steve up at the airport in the afternoon and we did some shopping for good whiskey, artisan bread and other essential groceries. I had allocated 12 days for the trip. Steve was with me the first week only, planning to get a taxi or bus back to the airport when his vacation time was up. We left my truck parked at the yacht club. TJ later moved it to his house where it would stay until I came back through Portland about a month later.

We spent the night aboard *Tidings* and awoke to cool, foggy weather. Seeing no need to hurry, we enjoyed hot showers and a good breakfast ashore and weighed anchor at 10:30, headed toward Rockland. The fog did not clear as we had hoped but persisted for the next two days. We spent those days mostly motoring, navigating buoy to buoy using the hand held GPS with its tiny screen and cringing at the nearby sound of boat engines as we slowly chugged through groups of local lobstermen working in visibility of 50' or less. *Tidings* has a tubular radar reflector mounted on each shroud to make her a better "target" for radar on other vessels. I never did get a chance to ask anyone if they saw me on their screen.

We retraced my earlier trip going south of Long Island and then headed north along the eastern side of Chebeague Island. But instead of revisiting Potts Harbor, we decided to head due north, crossing Middle Bay to reach the Harraseeket River where we intended to anchor for the night in South Freeport Harbor.

We reached the harbor in the late afternoon and motored slowly through the fog, admiring a group of Concordia Yawls and some other classic wooden boats mixed in with a fleet of commercial fishing and lobster boats. The chart shows an anchorage. But it was very crowded. We couldn't find a suitable spot with room to swing and, being cold and wet by now, decided instead to stop at Strout's Point Marina.

When we arrived there, the teenager on duty said he had no moorings and quoted what I thought was an exorbitant fee for a slip. I think he mistook us for Concordia sailors. I pointed out that we were just a couple of regular guys camping on this tiny boat without need for shore power, water or services. He gave it a moment's consideration and said it would soon be closing time and if we tied up to the fuel dock and were gone

before he got back in the morning, he would never know we had been there. No charge. I liked that kid. We took *Tidings* next door and tied up at the Harraseeket Lunch and Lobster Company dock where we enjoyed a good meal in very casual surroundings. When the marina closed, we returned to the floating gas dock and spent a quiet night there shrouded in fog.

Morning comes early in a working harbor as the lobstermen start well before dawn. It was no problem for Steve and I to wake up, have breakfast, take advantage of a nearby public restroom and leave the dock before 08:00. The fog remained. We needed to go south to clear Small Point before heading northeast again. Steve expressed interest in seeing Eagle Island so we routed our course past it and stopped there for a second visit. When we arrived, motoring slowly through the fog, we were the only visitors. We stood on the porch of the Admiral Peary house and could not see Flag Island. I apologized to Steve and tried to describe what great scenery he was missing. But I don't think it helped.

We decided to make it a short day and headed into Harpswell Sound where we spent the night at anchor in Harpswell Harbor. I prepared our dinner. But Steve, lacking special privileges, had to do the cleanup chores. Then we spent the evening playing our travel size guitars and singing favorite songs with a little help from my pal Evan Williams and Steve's friends at the Ardbeg distillery.

The morning of the 18th we awoke to clear skies and enjoyed a hearty breakfast of coffee, scrambled eggs with cheese, multi-grain bread and fruit cups. We consulted the charts and decided to sail up the New Meadows River and spend the night anchored in The Basin, which was another of TJ and Brian's recommended destinations. We motored out of the harbor at 09:30 and raised sail at 10:00. Our course took us south and east. It was a wonderful romp. We were on a reach under cool clear skies with wind from the northeast at about 10 knots. After two days of groping along through fog, it felt like we had been set free. The ten mile trip took us two hours under sail and assisted by the tide.

I decided to reef the mainsail at noon when we reached the mouth of the river and were exposed to the full force of the wind. Steve has a lot of racing experience in sailboats. He offered the opinion that we did not need the reef. The boat would do fine and we could point higher without it. I had spent the

last ten years sailing catboats, which perform best when kept flat, and had become accustomed to reefing early. It felt a little scary to have *Tidings* heeled over with her lee rail just above the cold green water. So I used my Captain's authority to rule that we would continue under the single reef for the time being. We spent another two hours beating our way up the river with a single reef. But it got me thinking.

At 14:30 we found ourselves opposite Harbor Island. I wanted to replenish the ice so we docked at a small establishment called Anna's Water's Edge Restaurant. The facility had old docks with lobster pots piled high and some large wooden buildings. But there were no workboats in sight. We assumed the lobstermen were out working, so took the opportunity to dock *Tidings* and make our way up a hill (in Maine there is always a hill) and into the restaurant for lunch.

We learned that we had docked at Sebasco Wharf, site of the former Down Easter and Sebasco Estates Foods. It had been a fish processing facility in the 1940s. They froze fresh fish and made TV dinners. The company is no longer in operation but some of the artifacts are still there in the vacant buildings and on display in the restaurant. The restaurant is now a popular business. They served us an excellent lunch of fresh fish and chips and sold me two bags of ice from their ice machine. Nice people.

The Basin is a small, completely protected harbor on the eastern side of the New Meadows River about two miles north of the Sebasco Wharf. The wind had moderated so we shook out the reef in the mainsail. We were going against both wind and tide so it took us two hours to beat up the river and reach the entrance. I enjoyed every minute of that sail. When we reached the narrow and curving entrance, prudence suggested switching to auxiliary power. We awoke the D-sail and slowly poked our way into a delightfully unspoiled natural harbor with only a few houses evident. The Basin is roughly circular in shape with a diameter of less than a half mile. We chose a spot away from any houses and anchored for the night at 17:45. We cooked dinner, cleaned up, finished our evening with more home-made music and enjoyed a quiet night in completely calm water.

The next morning, we awoke to birdsong instead of the sound of workboat engines. It was a nice change. I noticed that there was some water seeping up over the cabin sole that morning. But the bilge pump made quick work of it and I didn't give it much thought.

The Basin.



After breakfast I had some email and other work to attend to. We heard the sound of bagpipes coming from a lovely Friendship sloop on a mooring across the harbor. Naturally, that deserved investigation. Steve rowed *PS* toward the other boat while I took care of my business tasks.

I finished up an hour later and, looking across the harbor, I could see that Steve was still in the dinghy apparently tied to the sloop and chatting with her captain. Steve is a gregarious man who makes friends easily. So the prolonged visit did not surprise me. I topped off the fuel tank, hoisted the anchor and motored over to retrieve my crew and dinghy. When I arrived, it was to discover that Steve had dropped one of the oarlocks overboard and was waiting for me to come get him.

In the meantime, he had learned that the man was a Spaniard, a surgeon now living in Maine. He owned the house near that mooring. But he was banished to the boat to practice playing his pipes. The bagpipes were of Spanish design, which he said predated the Scottish and Irish versions of the instrument. After a short visit we got Steve aboard *Tidings*, tied *PS* to her towing harness, bid farewell to the Spanish piper and made our exit at 10:00.

Once clear of The Basin, we hoisted sail and enjoyed a good breeze as we ran downwind and out of the river. Our plan for the day was to round Cape Small, stop and visit the lighthouse on Seguin Island and then explore up the Sheepscot River. We cleared the Cape and passed Seal Cove but did not see its namesake. Then we turned to the northeast to head toward Seguin Island, which lies about two miles offshore in Sheepscot Bay.

When we arrived, at 14:30 there was no friendly park employee with a motor skiff. There are moorings for visitors. But getting ashore is left up to us. We had *PS* so this normally would not be a problem. But we were down to one oarlock, the shoreline was very rocky and the waves were running at about one foot. Of course, we decided to make a landing. I ran a piece of line through the socket for the missing oarlock, tied that line in a loop and stuck the oar through the loop. It worked, but not very well. We did a modified crash landing, jumped into the knee deep rocky water and carried the boat up above the high tide line. There were large logs and other flotsam on the beach. But we got *PS* to safety with a few new scratches in her paint to serve as reminders of the adventure.

I had to participate in a conference call at 15:00 so Steve climbed the hill to the lighthouse alone while I found a spot with shelter from the wind and called in to the meeting. I carry a cell phone, laptop computer and portable wifi unit on all my trips so my consulting work can be done anywhere there is a phone signal. I worked from the boat for an hour or two most days during the cruise. I am accustomed to working in a variety of temporary "offices" ashore. But this one was extraordinary. It was difficult to concentrate on the topic of discussion during that call. When the call ended, I made my way slowly up the hill and enjoyed a private tour of the lighthouse given by an enthusiastic volunteer docent. The views were worth the climb.

When I returned to the beach, Steve was already there. We manhandled *PS* back out into the water, clambered aboard and made our way back to *Tidings*. Then Steve discovered he had left a shirt on the beach. He assured me that he could do a solo landing

to retrieve the shirt. So I stayed on *Tidings* to make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches while he did another crash landing. Poor *PS*! Dinghies have a tough role in life.

While retrieving the food from the cabin, I noticed that bilge water was once again seeping up over the cabin sole. This is not normal and I realized that *Tidings* must have developed a slow leak. I resolved to stop at a marina for the night and get her hull inspected the following morning. In the meantime, we devoured the sandwiches, cast off the mooring and headed northeast up the Sheepscot River beating against a moderate breeze.

The afternoon became cloudy and some light rain developed as we made our way. It was cool but not unpleasant. The sun had set by the time we reached Hendricks Harbor. We tied up to the fuel dock at Hodgdon Marine near the town of Southport for the night because my cruising guide listed it as a full service marina. Deciding that it was too late to prepare a hot dinner, we toasted a successful day with our favored distilled beverages and then foraged in the cabin to come up with smoked oysters, garlic stuffed olives, cheese, crackers and a box of red wine. It was an outstanding meal. The wine was an experiment. I had bought a box of merlot in Portland and this was our first sampling of the "cardboardaux." It was not an award winner. But we were drinking from tin cups and dining on salty food. We did not need subtle complexity.

The next morning was Friday, July 20. When the marina office opened they had us move *Tidings* to a slip and told us that the mechanic was away and would not return until Monday. I decided to stop the trip until repairs could be completed. Steve was scheduled to fly home to New York on Saturday afternoon. Our plan was to spend the day relaxing at the marina and catch a ride to the nearby town of Boothbay Harbor in the evening for a farewell dinner. The weather was hot and humid.

We were sitting in the shade by the marina office during the mid morning, drinking free coffee and enjoying the view, when Steve reached his relaxation limit. He has a non stop work ethic and just had to see if he could fix that leak. Being a good host, I agreed to let him work on my boat. Steve thought the most likely source of the leak was the stuffing box, which is a metal pipe fixture through which the propeller shaft exits the hull of the boat. The fixture is threaded and has large nuts that compress cotton packing material. The nuts are adjusted to allow a very small amount of water to drip through the cotton. The water serves to cool and lubricate the shaft when the engine is running.

We emptied the contents of the stern locker onto the dock to gain access to the stuffing box and Steve quickly confirmed that there was a small but steady stream of water leaking into the boat. No problem. He could fix it. Except he couldn't. The nuts were so tight after years of disuse that he could not budge them. There ensued several hours of foiled attempts. We removed the entire cockpit floor to get better access, but still no luck. Steve finally surrendered in the late afternoon. I thanked him for the effort. We used the marina showers to get cleaned up and then headed to town where we ate seafood and drank "painkillers" to celebrate the voyage.

Saturday was a clear and pleasant day. Steve called Uber to take him back to the Portland airport in the morning. I decided, now that the source and magnitude of the



Failed repair attempt.

leak were known, it would be safe to go for a day sail to Boothbay Harbor. Hendricks and Boothbay Harbors are on opposite sides of Southport Island. The distance around the southern tip of the island from one place to another is about nine miles. But that does not consider the tacking necessary to go to windward on one leg of the trip. I left Hendricks at 11:30 with a light breeze and reached Boothbay Harbor at 15:00.

I was hoping to tour the harbor under sail, then tie up to a visitor's spot, dash ashore for an ice cream cone and start the trip home. Alas, there was so much boat traffic that I could not safely sail in the harbor, relying instead on the D-sail. Far worse, the ice cream was unobtainable because the visitor's dock had no room and I was summarily shooed away from a vacant tour boat dock even though there was no tour boat in sight. Bravely shouldering my disappointment, I swung *Tidings* around and sailed back to Hodgdon Marine, arriving at 18:30. It was a pleasant day of sailing but I would not choose to visit Boothbay Harbor again.

On Sunday we had steady rain. I spent the day reading and doing laundry. In the late afternoon I gave *Tidings* a good scrub down, using the rain as my source of rinse water. I pumped the bilge periodically to keep the leak at bay (no pun intended). It was strange being alone on the boat after weeks of close company. I fixed a simple dinner of canned beef stew. The bilge water had softened the cardboard wine box, so I threw the cardboard away. Without the support of the box, I had to hang the plastic bag of red wine in the hatchway to support it while I dispensed the wine. It looked so much like a blood transfusion bag that I lost my appetite for the wine. I turned in early, looking forward to getting the leak fixed and continuing the voyage the next day.

To Be Continued



Easter Sunday...

The Son and his wife came over for Easter Sunday lunch, "Where's Pop?"

"Oh, he went sailing!" my wife says. I had planned this little outing a few days ago when there were more people coming, they dropped out one by one and I wasn't going to be around anyway so I stayed the course. A few power boaters in big 40 footers flew by with waves, clueless, and leaving 2' wakes. Another powerboat, who gave me the courtesy of slowing down, raised both shoulders and hands open palmed above his waist, he didn't get it either. Both of us were on the ICW with these guys flying past.

The wind was up, 25mph, pushing 30mph at times, it was a reef from the dock. I sailed out across Este's Flats again, anchored in 20' of water, had lunch and tried to nap. It was just me and *Red Top*, my 12' Lehman. I decided to sail out into the bay through a cut I've been through many times. This time I donned my water shoes and took a shorter route. The gal has a few more oyster scratches on her bottom and I almost had to get out and help push, but I made it.

In the bay it got rather boisterous, had me thinking of another reef. Dropping sail a bit further and tying the last reef in the bouncing dinghy, hoisting sail and sedately sailing away. That's the difference another shortening of sail made. A few minutes later I came about into the wind and let out the second reef, deciding the excitement was wanted on the way in. I got slapped hard by a breaking pony right at my port leeboard. I was wet again.

At the dock a guide came in behind me, one of the few guides who goes out alone, he

Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

enjoys being out there so much. I asked him what he thought it was blowing. "Twenty-five or 30," he said. A nice five hours out and about on the water.

More Wind...

NOAA had some of the gusts up a smidge past 30mph today. It was wet. My foulies don't work so good in that stuff, gonna have to change that. Gonna have to make a few more changes in *Red Top* if I keep going out in that, Aransas Bay out from Cove Harbour if one cares to see just where I sailed today.

I do wear a harness, my wife likes that part. I like it as well. A few years back I picked up a couple of crew who were separated from the Hobie Cat they were on when it capsized. They were wearing PFDs, floating downwind toward the ICW, that's the place where those big barges are pushed by tugs a long way from the front. Two floating footballs are awful hard to see. It ended well for those involved. That's my reason for a tether, I was never a good swimmer and those two being separated from their boat was not good.

Most of the time I'm not out in that 30mph plus stuff anyway, and when I put the second reef in and kept it in this time, things settled down quite well. I didn't care

for the mess above my head one bit. The sail set lousy, lines everywhere waiting to cause a problem first chance they got.

I luffed up and straightened things a bit. While everything was fresh on my mind while still in the parking lot, before even putting the boat ready for the road, I made me a list of items that needed improvement. The parking lot seven turned into ten when I got home and, when I went to the store for the wife another one popped into my head. Darned if I can remember it though.

Oh well, it'll come back, I'm sure. Just hope it comes back before I end up on a lee shore somewhere. I was glad I was in *Red Top*, a Paradox would have been even better today, that would have been very enjoyable. It even got me to thinking. I'd best stop that dreaming for now. The little diminutive NED will soon be ready to have a go of it again. In talking with John Harris the designer of the NED, we both thought more weight either as ballast or goods carried. I shall see.

Looking ...

Looking on the chart to see just what the given name of the cut is that I usually refer to as 2nd House Cut. Leaving Cove Harbour to port, rounding first the spoil island then Tally Island going now south before Harvey came visiting, there were two houses on these outlying islands. Seemed the names came easy, 1st House Cut and 2nd House Cut, both actually wrong on my part, I guess I'll stop doing that. It gets me in trouble elsewhere as well.

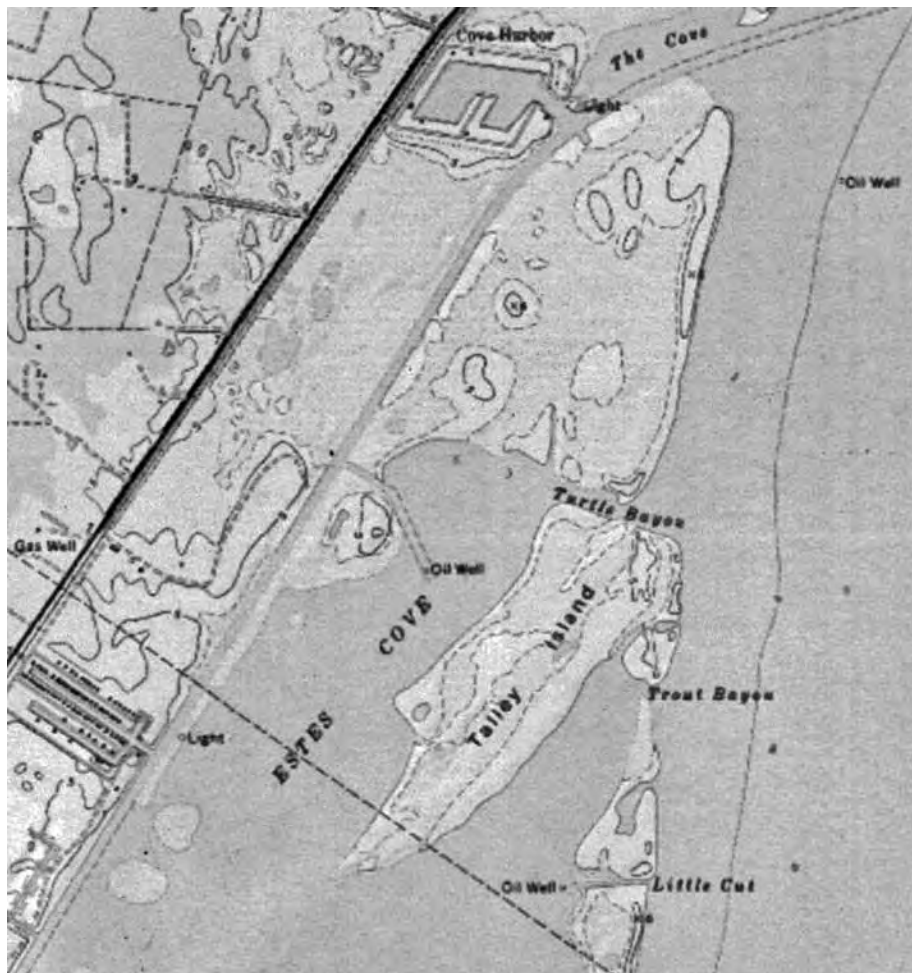
Big Cut, coming in from Aransas Bay yesterday, is a very, very pretty place on occasion. Once coming from Este Flats I took the cut leading into the bay. That particular time on a warm summer day, winds maybe 15mph, it was like sailing on an emerald sea. The turquoise like water path led between the two shoals, it was amazing. Gliding along that pathway in the warmth of the sunshine cannot be grasped by mere photographs. The only way to really experience this magic is to be out and about as often as possible.

The other day as I left Cove on a different sail, the porpoise were out and looking for their midday meal. At times they were so close to the boat I could have reached out and touched them. What crowned the day as special was after sailing south and out through the cut into the bay, coming back into Cove Harbour rounding the tip on the island the porpoise came again, all around, the sides and diving under. What set this time apart from the others was the last porpoise to show up was a young juvenile about 3' long, very darkly colored. The little guy came up very close did a little jig it seemed and splashed away. Yesterday's sail was very mellow after being out a few days before needing to set the second reef. I'm glad I went. I'm glad I went when it was blowing harder a few days before as well. I don't always go out when it kicks up, somedays I'm just tired and don't feel like getting beat up out there.

Why do...

Why do I want an offshore capable micro cruiser? Why did Mr Rice take a 12' sailboat to Cape Horn? I don't know the answer to that question, perhaps if I ever meet the gentleman I'll get a chance to ask. For now I'll have to settle with myself.

What is it when I read of a 70 something crossing an ocean that starts my blood pumping? Ever since that slow sailboat cruise to



Catalina Island the hook was set deep, far deeper than I realized for most of my life. At an age when I'm told to put an end to childish dreams the dreams just don't fade away.

The home front has given me a green light. For starters, a month cruise alone. Will I continue and want more? Time itself, to answer that question. Age has already put some limitations on the aging craft I walk about in. Denying that aspect would be foolish.

I'm not so sure if I'll ever find a suitable answer to my question, one thing I've learned along the way that is found in all boats yards and many back yards, dreams die hard. For many the dreams die at the door of death, the classifieds attest to that. While there's air being breathed dreams live, and linger, smoldering upon the embers of long past youth.

Scratching the itch is now the issue and the other half of the equation is, with what? What small craft to choose? I've a small Paradox type near finished, called a NED, Nesting Expedition Dinghy by John Harris. It was chosen because of its similarities to a Paradox. The cabin area is much the same size, 3½' shorter. I've added and test sailed him with chine runners, they work.

An ocean in it? Not I. Overnight hops in settled weather? Why not? Strong enough if I get caught out, yes, he is. Am I? Another choice would be for me because I have one sitting in the yard, WWP 15. I've removed the inside liner, added five stiffeners each, P & S, to the hull bottom, it now has sitting headroom, is much stiffer. Had her out in the wind a few days ago, very promising. With a lug or junk added the simpleness would abound.

I'm not sold on the CB though, I'm about five or six years now with chine runners and leeboards. They have their advantages. I might have an opportunity to buy back my first built Paradox. The love hate relationship lingers on. Money and distance are at the top of my concern list with that venture, adding the fact as well it's purely speculation on my part that on his part he would even want to part with the girl besides, anyways. This ditty might start a conversation in that direction and who knows the direction things could go after that.

Time frame, you ask! Well it's somewhat up in the air, not too far off into the future. The three choices I've mentioned before me could be doable in the next month or two, again, Father Time has his say in the matter.

So why do I want an offshore capable micro cruiser? I'm not any closer to being able to answer that than I was when first bitten 50 some years ago. It's an itch that's needs scratching from time to time and I've an opportunity to do some scratching. I'd be whittling down the fleet some, out of necessity, besides the neighbors are beginning to whisper.

I Never Did...

I never did sail around the world. I did give it a half hearted try, beginning a build of a Searunner Trimaran 31'. Beginning, enough said. I also quit sailing when my two daughters were born. A trade off I've never regretted. When I did start sailing again it was a rental now and then. First rental was with the girls, protesting all the way.

I was too smart for them though, said, "Get in the car, we're off for a surprise." At 55mph down the highway the seven and nine year old's didn't have a chance. No turning back. And now, to this day, it's been onward.



Estes Flats.

Not with them aboard all the time, but often as it could have been.

The youngest and I crossed that "twenty six miles across the sea, Santa Catalina was waiting for me." To those who know the place, boisterous and a bit windy to say the least. Where were the naysayers when I needed them! I might have listened. But it worked out just fine. We went again, the three of us, this time they gave me the encouragement to continue. Winds very light, I voiced an option of turning back until the next day. They threatened mutiny if I did and so had me staying the course.

So no, I never sailed the world and would never consider it a bad trade. The youngest and I still sail. She and her husband are here for a few weeks and we are sailing. He wanted to build a junk rig sail for the WWP15, I gave my support, the sail was cut yesterday and sewing begun by my daughter while Conner and I, mostly him, prepped the Potter for a new mast step and forward location. The inside work I had begun a few weeks back is far enough along.

The day before we had sailed the Potter and discovered with myself and Rebecca forward, Conner said it handled much better. Reading, the designer said as much himself, there's going to be some lead in the belly forward soon enough.

I've a Few

I've a few reservations, just a few, any one of which could lead to loss of life. Oysters are one of the any one's, I was told about eight years ago when I first arrived here on the Texas Coast and saw just what horrible damage an oyster reef could do a fiberglass hulled sailboat. "Chew it up!" I was told.

Can you imagine the damage to unshod feet when jumping off into the shallows to push a small sailboat off one of those reefs? Loss of blood could become quickly a matter of life and death. Pulling a small boat through a pass with a line and a simple stumble will do the same to an unloved hand. "Oughta be a law," no, no, we don't need any more badges, just more common sense and less pride.

Fire in the galley is another that'll make your blood curdle. On a 12' sailing dinghy the galley can be just about anywhere. Using alcohol for fuel aboard my little girl, I figured a spray bottle of water would make a good extinguisher. Decided to test my idea in a controlled situation and found it bad. By the time I got the test fire going using alcohol as fuel, any number of things could have caught fire, including me. I keep a bucket handy.

Sailing along the ICW north of Corpus Christie at night can be dangerous venture as well. A red headlamp won't do any good in the sections where those expensive homes sit on water's edge. What with all the dock and pier lights and the bigger fishing lights set to blind the passing mariner, night vision is a thing of the past.

Another is those fancy iPads, smart phone navigation charts that are supposed to

show the skipper in real time just where he and his craft is on that magic screen glowing in the darkened companionway. Twice now I've said to the incessant seller of modern technology available for the small craft, "Where's that spit of sand off the port bow we're now passing on that screen of yours?" I think I'll pass.

Then there's that third night out without enough sleep, sunburnt, swatting mosquitoes, "Are we having fun yet?"

Padre Island National Seashore

The put-in was filled with powerboats, fishermen and fisherwomen. One fellow, amongst about 60 other boaters, was putting in his sailboat. He didn't have much to say and neither did I. That conversation didn't last long.

Nice sail north to a small island, one that was full of mosquitoes showing up after the midnight wind shift. The rest of the night was swatting the buggers.

Second night found us at Shamrock Island after a good enjoyable four hour romp with an increasing wind. We left the anchorage that morning with a reef in the lug sail on my 12' Lehman and another reef on an older WWP15, a couple of hours later the second would be needed as well.

Later that night it would be gusting to 40mph I was told. My stomach was churning every bit as much as the waves chewing on the sandy shore. Lack of sleep, tired, wore out don't make for a good combination in my mind. The cement mixer was started and it was up to me to find the off switch.

Walking the shore with the SE wind building, my mind's doubt department was in full overtime mode. The worst case scenarios were moving through as fast as the wind was building. At 30, or a bit more, my little *Red Top* can handle, 40 was beyond the limits I've danced with in the past, anxiety shared my berth with me that night.

My daughter Becky and her husband Conner were on a WWP 15, me on *Red Top*, a 12' fiberglass dinghy. That night I did get a good five hours sleep, I think it was five. The wind picked up through the night and as it increased the waves generated by it were wrapping around the sand spit and were working the dinghies. Earlier at about 25 to 30 the waves did not reach us, now with the wind at 40, I could see the effect, shown by a waning moon, about 2am.

In the morning anxiety stayed in bed as I knew it must. The part of Shamrock we anchored on was next to a small body of water on the same island and it had its birds, lots of them. Shortly after sunrise I'm standing looking out over the small lake, wind-blown whitecaps galore, seagulls filling the air, squawking, such a sight to behold. The only two eyes sharing the beautiful vista this morning were mine. During the night I read where a prophet told a king not to fear his enemy, trust God, the enemy would flee. Mine stayed in bed.

The wind eased by at least 10, yet I knew with it blowing the way it did all night we were in for a ride. The bay would be rough. I chose to enter the ICW around the corner from Ingleside. Only later did I realize it was mostly a shoal. The wind blowing over an open fetch, 4' waves we're breaking just off the entrance. *Red Top* was having the time of her life and I was soaked to the bone. Surfing and dodging bigger waves I was all grin.

Connor, the captain of the Potter was not. His wife Becky was ear to ear grins although he wasn't. Then they broached and over they went, just in front of me but a little downwind. Keeping the same tack with an eye on them, he swims to the centerboard and rights the Potter, Becky is now hanging onto the rail, he climbs aboard using the step built onto the rudder, she squirms back aboard with legs flailing and they're off and sailing again. Wisely they kept the companionway hatch closed and secured. She said later it was her first capsized. Said with cheer in her voice. Connor handled the situation with textbook action, even at a distance I was ready to come about if needed. I could see he had the problem well in hand. Later he told me he had practiced going over and using the step I had built into the rudder on a previous calmer sail.

My turn came a few minutes later when a breaking wave with a 4' face broke over me and I thought for sure I was going over. I squeaked by and stayed on my feet. They went back out a ways and I went for it. The ship we were waiting for had passed so in I went. I caught a big enough wave, breaking on both port and starboard and I'm thinking I really don't want to be doing this. Getting across that shoal I tacked back and forth, waiting for Becky and Connor on the edge of the ship channel.

Several minutes later Becky and Connor got through the melee and had plenty of time before the next ship, now visible, was coming. We sailed back to Cove Harbour playing cat and mouse, first me ahead, then them, then me and so on. Then it rains. Yep, rain. It didn't last long, but that four and a half hours on the water will last for years.



Photo taken of me in *Red Top* by either Connor or Becky from the Potter 15.

The Day Before...

The day before my daughter and her husband Connor left, he and I went for a sail. The wind was a little past 20, the rigging

was whistling. That sail was one I had been looking forward to, he and I, he at the helm, myself crew.

The water was a warm 77° or so, we both were glad of that, it was wet. First we went south a ways, down in front of Palm Harbour we went back across the flats, coming in across from the Tortuga Club, back onto the ICW. We had left the dock with the main reefed and jib secured on deck. Shaking out the reef we headed out into Aransas Bay getting wetter if that were possible.

The port side jib fairlead pulled out, that little donut hole screwed to the inside of the side deck was needed to use the foresail. The starboard side had come loose earlier while in the channel. Didn't need no jib anyhow. We were moving out into the bay just fine. With Connor at the helm and no jib for me to tend I could study the boat and see how she acted with me moving my weight about.

Connor sitting mostly aft, hiked out only as needed. We'd bury the rail, bury the bow as I moved fore and aft and Connor would comment on the actions he felt at the tiller, all the while wet as poor dogs in rain. He laughed aloud when he saw my fingers getting wrinkled and pink. I could feel the give and take of the hull as it flexed and oil canned. Connor was picking up some vibration from his position. I traced it back to the centerboard pennant. That was a first for this small sailer. At other times the tiller was fingertip sensitive, almost steering herself he said. Those three of four hours were a good learning experience.

Coming back in with the wind out of the southeast, when it wraps around Tally Island it picks up a few notches building some wind waves with it. The tiller man was looking for waves to surf. He did find a few and we were whooping and hollering like a couple of kids at Disneyland. This was way better than any "E" ticket ride, for those of you who know.

That sail was one I had been looking forward to since I first found they were coming down. Next time those fairleads will be bolted. The cavity up forward under the foredeck was pretty much filled with empty plastic bottles and such with their lids on tight.

In that small *Widgeon*, as bought from the factory, and many like it, there is really not much room and no storage to speak of unless one were to customize, suiting one's ideas. We shall see.

Actually I'll be seeing fairly soon. The *Widgeon* we sailed was #2, #1 has been sitting under the partially roofed lean to attached to my shed for the past ten months or so. Her insides have been removed, foredeck as well. A new 3/4" bulkhead is in place just forward of the centerboard trunk. Another doubler is aft of the end of the trunk. The doubler provides a place to saw the aft end off, making the *Widgeon* a nesting dinghy of sorts.

Yesterday her butt hit the ground. The foredeck is lowered as well the aft. I left room up forward for varying mast placement, sloop, lug, junk, gaff. Lots of possibilities. We shall see.

I've been taking pictures and in due time I'll share them but not just yet. I was hoping for an afternoon launch today but that didn't happen, maybe later in the week.

Done...

Done. Well, probably not. I've got some issues with lining up. I hope to get that worked out tomorrow. And tomorrow is the day *Widgeon* #1 gets her bottom wet. I've

been working madly at this in such a rush, it's all sweat, salt in the eyes and the moaning chair near by.

Without a plan other than a rough idea of what I'm trying to accomplish, it's piecemeal at best. *Widgeon* #2 is standing by awaiting her turn under the tin of the lean to after enough sea trials have passed muster. We shall see.

My thinking on this venture goes back many, many years when, as a 19-year-old, I hitchhiked to the East Coast with a surfboard. Small was just coming of its own and my first self made short board accompanied me east. It was a beater, bad shaped, bumpy rails, fin hummed and rode like a champ. From that eyesore came the inspiration for this present build, and other short cuts I take from time to time.

I put in the structural good and strong, then came the rolling of the eyes. A coffee mate gave me some plywood, hurricane plywood. After Harvey passed, this gentleman said any future possible damage he's giving it to his insurance company and will not be fussing with plywood over the windows. Three-eighths inch Doug fir, three ply, bottom of the barrel stuff. The 1/2" bolt holes have to be dealt with as well. One does not like to be putting too much epoxy on junk plywood, actually none if it can be helped.

Harvey again. The RV we stayed in after Harvey needed roof repairs, buying a gallon of the thick white stuff, no more leaks. Yep, I did. Foredeck and aftdeck and all exposed structural epoxy, covers pretty good. That Harvey plywood is what's under the RV roof waterproofing. Fiberglass tape in the corners covered in the goop. Time will tell. This *Widgeon* is going with the lugsail borrowed from my *Red Top*. I hope to experiment with different rigs. I read a story about a gentleman up north of me a state or two, had an old beater of a sailing dinghy that he was constantly tweaking, drilling holes and then plugging them, having a good old time.

Here's a snapshot:



Coast Guard Responds to Aircraft Collision near Ketchikan, Alaska

The Coast Guard, partner agencies and good Samaritans responded to a report of two aircraft colliding to search for two people in the vicinity of George Inlet near Ketchikan, Alaska, conducting surface and air searches, operating around the clock for more than 27 hours, concentrated in an area of 93 square nautical miles. They located the two missing people near the crash site. Ten people were rescued and are receiving medical care. Four people are confirmed deceased. Commercial divers dove on the submerged Otter float plane and located one deceased individual.

The Coast Guard searched with the Coast Guard Cutter *Bailey Barco*, a Coast Guard Air Station Sitka MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew, two Coast Guard Station Ketchikan 45' Response Boat-Mediums and a Coast Guard Air Station Kodiak C-130 Hercules aircraft.

The Ketchikan Volunteer Rescue Squad searched the shoreline and forested areas near the crash site. Preliminary reports to the Coast Guard indicate that this was a mid air collision between the two planes, a de Havilland DHC-2 Beaver float plane with five people onboard and de Havilland DHC-3 Otter float plane with 11 people onboard.



Ann Kathleen a Total Loss But Fuel is Saved

The Coast Guard responded to a commercial fishing vessel, *Ann Kathleen*, on fire and aground about nine nautical miles south of the Coquille River Bar in southern Oregon. The vessel had an estimated 2,000 gallons of Diesel aboard. Oil discharge was not observed nor reported. Since the initial fire and beaching of the 64' vessel partner agencies removed 1,080 gallons of Diesel fuel from the vessel. The remote area was difficult to access and Unified Command advised people to not attempt to reach the site due to the ongoing operations and to avoid disturbing critical any plover habitats and archeological resources.



Ten Hour Tow for the Coast Guard

A 52' Coast Guard Motor Lifeboat towed a disabled 93' motor yacht to Newport Harbor, Oregon. The Station Yaquina Bay crew aboard, the 52-MLB *Victory*, made the ten hour tow of the yacht *Watta Ryde* and moored it safely with no injuries nor environmental impact. Watchstanders received a



Our Coast Guard in Action

report from the Cayman Island flagged motor yacht that the vessel had experienced engine failure and was at anchor two miles outside Siuclay River Bar. There were three passengers reported aboard.



Salty Dog Sinks with Five Onboard

Coast Guard crews rescued five fishermen after their vessel capsized six miles east of Pawley's Island off Charleston, South Carolina. The fishermen had contacted the Freedom Boat Club after their 22' vessel *Salty Dog* began taking on water. "The rescued fishermen were prepared, able to communicate their distress and survive until they were rescued by wearing their life jackets," said Capt. John Read, the Sector Charleston Commander. "As the boating season picks up we want our maritime community to be ready for anything."



Coast Guard Conducts Multiple Rescues Across Northern California in May

Coast Guard Sector Humboldt Bay crews in Northern California assisted 15 vessels in early May in the waters near Trinidad, Humboldt Bay, Eel River, Cape Mendocino and Shelter Cove. Coast Guard Station Humboldt Bay and Coast Guard Station Noyo River boat crews assisted ten disabled vessels due to engine problems, including the fishing vessels *Scorpio* and *Catch All*. All vessels were safely towed back to homeports.

Cases also included Coast Guard crews assisting a disoriented mariner grounding his vessel on the Humboldt Bay jetty, an overdue fishing vessel located and escorted

to Ft Bragg, a vessel experiencing engine problems and taking on water near Shelter Cove and a kayaker in need of assistance off Humboldt Bay.

"Many of the vessels involved in these cases were cited for safety violations as they did not have all of the required safety equipment aboard and two of them had no radios or life jackets," said Capt Greg Fuller, Coast Guard Sector Humboldt Bay's commanding officer. "Conditions can change at a moment's notice and when mariners do not prepare and ensure they are carrying all of the necessary safety equipment, not only are they jeopardizing their lives, but those of others aboard their vessels."

Coast Guard Sector Humboldt Bay units have been working alongside the Coast Guard Cutter *Forrest Rednour*, a 154' Sentinel-Class Fast Response Cutter (FRC) home ported in Los Angeles and deployed to Northern California. The *Rednour* is one of the Coast Guard's newest cutters, which provides the Coast Guard with enhanced response and law enforcement patrol capabilities. It is the first of four FRCs to be stationed in California.



Coast Guard Rescues Overdue Kayaker Near Bodega Bay

The Coast Guard rescued a kayaker off the coast of Bodega Bay. A Sonoma County park ranger notified Coast Guard Station Bodega Bay watchstanders of a kayaker who was overdue. A Station Bodega Bay 47' Motor Lifeboat crew launched and located an overturned kayak near Estero Americano. However, the kayaker was not in sight. With assistance from the Sonoma County Sheriff's helicopter, *Henry 1*, the boat crew located the kayaker four minutes later and brought him aboard the Coast Guard boat. The man was reportedly displaying signs of shock and was transferred to Station Bodega Bay to awaiting emergency medical services personnel. He was reportedly wearing a dry suit and life jacket.

"Wearing a dry suit, a life jacket and filing a float plan enabled our crew to rapidly locate the stranded kayaker," said Senior Chief Petty Officer Jeremiah Wolf, the officer in charge of Station Bodega Bay. "His dry suit had begun to leak and if he had not filed a float plan letting someone know where he was going and when he planned to return, the outcome of this case could have been very different. Boaters and paddlers should always dress for water temperatures, have a reliable means of communication such as a marine VHF radio and always wear a life jacket when on the water."

Coast Guard Medevacs Cruise Ship Passenger off Galveston, Texas

The Coast Guard medevaced a 57-year-old man approximately 66 miles offshore of Galveston, Texas. Coast Guard Sector Houston-Galveston watchstanders received a

request from the cruise ship *Carnival Dream* stating a passenger aboard the vessel was in need of medical assistance. Watchstanders consulted with the duty flight surgeon who recommended the medevac. A Coast Guard Air Station Houston MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew was launched to the scene. The Dolphin helicopter crew hoisted and transferred the patient along with a physician from the *Carnival Dream* to awaiting emergency medical services personnel at Scholes International Airport. Weather on scene was reported as 3' seas with 12mph winds.

Coast Guard Responds to Fishing Vessel Grounded on Clatsop Spit

Coast Guard crews responded to a commercial fishing vessel that grounded on the north side of the Clatsop Spit near the Columbia River Bar entrance. Coast Guard Sector Columbia River and Coast Guard Station Cape Disappointment crews will continue to monitor the vessel while sector Incident Management Division personnel assist the master with the coordination of salvage efforts.

Shortly before midnight the master of the 38' commercial fishing vessel *Theron* contacted watchstanders at Sector Columbia River over VHF channel 16 to report he experienced a loss of steering while attempting to cross the bar and was drifting toward the breakers and shoal. He also reported that his vessel was beset by the current, had grounded several times and had no ability to anchor at that time. Watchstanders advised the master, who was the only person aboard, to look for any potential flooding, don an immersion suit and have a life raft readily available if he plans to abandon ship.

Two boat crews from Station Cape Disappointment launched aboard a 47' Motor Lifeboat and the 52' Motor Lifeboat *Triumph* and watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast. Around 12:30am the master reported his vessel was aground and the engine room was filling with water. About the same time the 47' MLB crew reported a visual of the *Theron*, but was unable to approach due draft restrictions. An MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew from sector launched as the 47' MLB crew maneuvered within 150 yards of the *Theron* to standby and provide support.

Shortly after the crew of the *Triumph* arrived on scene the 47' MLB crew reported that they partially grounded but were able to free their boat. The crew of the *Triumph* assumed the role of the standby vessel while the MLB crew returned to station to evaluate any potential injuries and inspect the boat for possible damage.

Around 1am the master reported the *Theron* was losing power due to the flooding, and as he had no mobile radios aboard, watchstanders advised him to prepare to be removed from the vessel. The Jayhawk helicopter crew arrived on scene and lowered their rescue swimmer, who entered the water and swam to the *Theron*. The aircrew hoisted the master and transported him to Sector, he had no injuries and required no medical treatment.

As the sun rose station members were able to get a visual from their watchtower of the *Theron*, which was almost fully submerged and had not moved from where it grounded. The emergency position indicating radio beacon registered to the vessel had been activated, presumably set off by the rising water, and several strobe lights were observed in the area and confirmed to be the

life raft strobe entangled in the mast rigging.

Later in the morning a station boat crew launched and verified the vessel was breaking up in the area and reported a minor sheen was visible. In addition to aiding the coordination of potential salvage efforts, IMD personnel are working to mitigate any potential pollution from the vessel. The vessel had an estimated 400 gallons of Diesel and seven salmon aboard. Weather on scene was 1' to 4' seas with light and variable winds, an air temperature of 50°F and water temperature of 48°F, and an 11 mile visibility.



Search Suspended for Missing Men

The Coast Guard suspended its search for two men who went missing near Mosquito Point on the Rappahannock River in Virginia. Fifty-nine-year-old Mark Ringenberg and 59-year-old Stephen Perkins departed from Weems, Virginia, aboard a 15' Boston Whaler on a Sunday morning. Later that evening their boat was found washed ashore and unoccupied near Mosquito Point.

Boat crews from Coast Guard Station Milford Haven, the crews of the Coast Guard Cutter *Razorbill* and Coast Guard Cutter *Flying Fish*, and aircrews from Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and Coast Guard Air Station Atlantic City, New Jersey, searched for a combined total of 63 hours covering approximately 774 square miles.

"Suspending a search is never an easy decision to make and weighs heavy on everyone's heart," said Capt Kevin Carroll, Coast Guard Sector Hampton Roads commander. "There's no way to express how sorry we are that we were unable to return Stephen and Mark home to their loved ones."

Distressed Sailboat Monitored

The US Coast Guard continued to monitor a sailboat that appeared to be in distress but the sailor managed to successfully drop anchor, according to the Coast Guard's public affairs office in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The Coast Guard first received a call about the sailboat around 10:15am, said Petty Officer Seth Johnson. A 47' Coast Guard boat launched from Manasquan and the crew tried to speak with the one sailor on the sailboat, but the sailor appeared to speak Italian and not English, Johnson said. The Coast Guard crew gave the sailor a life jacket and tried to hand over a radio, but the sailor didn't take it. A Coast Guard member had an Italian speaking relative radio the sailor, but the sailor did not respond.

The sailor continued to maneuver the boat, trying to get an anchor to hold and around 3:15am was finally successful, Johnson said. The Coast Guard members returned to their station. The sailboat was still in roughly the same location later and the Coast Guard was continuing to monitor the situation.



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Gray Fleet

The Navy dropped all criminal charges against the commanding officer and a junior officer from the *USS Fitzgerald* (DDG-62) but issued a career ending Public Censure. Cmdr Bryce Benson and Lt Natalie Combs were the two officers involved with the collision of the destroyer and the *ACX Crystal* off the Sea of Japan in which seven sailors were killed.

Surface Warfare Officer Lt Irian Woodley and Officer of the Deck Lt Sarah Coppock were also charged with criminal negligence. Coppock pled guilty of one count of negligence but the Navy held Woodley to a Board of Inquiry at which the Lieutenant was not separated from the Navy.

The *Fitzgerald* finally returned to the sea after the multimillion dollar repair to the superstructure after the collision with the merchant ship. Currently the destroyer is berthed at the Huntington-Ingalls yards.

The Fat Leonard scandal that has embroiled the Navy since 2013 is still reverberating. The scandal involved over 400 senior officers, high ranking enlisted and NCIS officers who sold or gave data to Leonard Glen Francis (Fat Leonard) regarding ship movements, repairs needs, ports of call and inside information on contracts. Over 60 admirals have the potential to be indicted.

Fat Leonard used this information to monopolize tug business, berthing spaces, equipment and facilities. In ports, Fat Leonard provided personnel to offload trash and eliminate liquid waste, transportation for sailors ashore, customs paperwork and counseling regarding port regulations. The accused received cash, use of prostitutes, concert tickets, travel, other items ranging from cigars to expensive fountain pens.

The accused ensured that competitors were never considered for business in Japan, Singapore, Southeast and Eastern Asia. NCIS intentionally leaked information to defense attorneys and potential suspects. The case is among the worst scandals in US military history and the ramifications are still being felt as ongoing investigations have continually widened engulfing more and more high ranking officers. In November retired two star Admiral Mark Montgomery was censured for his role in this affair. He had been nominated as director of the US Agency for International Development. He was not charged with felonious acts because of the statute of limitations.

One of the byproducts of this affair is the impact on officer assignment. So many people have been involved that orders for everything from assumption of command to time on assignment have been all fouled up. The Prospective Commanding Officer for the *USS Iowa* (SSN-797) was abruptly taken away from his duties to take command of the *USS Tucson* (SSN 770). Fortunately the PXO and the PCOB (Chief of the Boat) are in place. They are being taxed to the limit.

The Pentagon's mouthpiece stated that the US is far behind China and Russia in production of nuclear missiles and it is imperative that we close the missile gap immediately. The five sided boys want a 3.5% increase in spending for submarine launched nuclear (or nucular if you are a George Bush 43 fan). Wait a minute, wasn't that the cry of the 1960 election between Nixon and Kennedy?? In 1961 we discovered that that specific "fact" was pure blarney. Next thing you know they'll be hauling out Calvin Coolidge's budget for domestic spending. As the Iowa president of the Navy League,



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

I have learned not to believe anything a politician or admiral (or general) says. Well, I did believe we were winning the hearts and souls of the Vietnamese people to say nothing of that "light at the end of the tunnel" line regarding "victory" in Southeast Asia. That is why I enlisted!

Not that I EVER said anything negative about the Navy's LCS ships, but they are about as bad as Senator John McCain said they would be. Finally, the Navy admitted that the LCS ships that cost over \$1.5 billion each have pretty much failed. Supposedly they were to be able to make virtual overnight capability switches, but they can't. Navy requested 55 of these lemons but now they will take only 35. Two of these are strictly used as training ships, the other 19 Independence class LCSs will be used for anti submarine or mine countermeasures. The Freedom Class LCS, evidently more reliable, will be used for several missions.

A senior fellow at the Center for Strategic and Budgetary Assessments said that the LCS "certainly hasn't panned out like the Navy thought." They lack firepower, habitability and survivability, to say nothing about their notorious unreliability.

The Navy has already looked beyond the LCS fiasco and is focusing on small but lethal frigates. Gold Braids and Congress, who wanted the LCS despite experts' warning them of problems, originally Deep Sixed the frigates' future. Their reasoning was two parts, LCS parts are manufactured in 48 states and faith in innovative future technology. Unfortunately that simply never came to fruition. Now they think that the frigate is the wonder ship of all times.

One issue that the Navy, Congress, Defense Department and the White House fail to consider is that the next major war will not be a typical on land and sea series of battles. This writer believes that the next war will be a cyber war with attacks on the stock market, the power grid, communications and banking/credit. Worse, we won't know exactly who our enemy is. When the shooting commences it will be small, lethal, inexpensive drones in such numbers that no current defense system can handle them. One Navy study suggests that 30 drones can sink a carrier. Think about an unmanned fighter in a dogfight with our F-35s. The unmanned jet will make super g-force turns at speeds we can't match. Science fiction?

Russia launched an atypical *Oscar II* submarine, *Belgorod*, that is now 100' longer than originally built, possesses a mysterious large bulge near her stern, has squared-off twin rudders and a plethora of unusual hatches. She was originally built to carry the very heavy Granit anti ship missiles but she has clearly been rebuilt for new missions. Unusual equipment on her rudder skegs suggests some sort of towing capability. She also seems able to carry mini subs. "Experts" believe she was constructed for underwater

cable laying operations reminiscent of our own *Seawolf* days. I again suggest reading *Blind Man's Bluff*.

The *DSCV Van Gogh*, a wild looking seagoing beast with weird cranes, an overhead landing zone for helicopters, deep sea submersibles, unmanned mini subs and a sharp bow above a giant bulb is being used by the Navy and the TPL-25 Salvage Team from the 7th Fleet to find the black box of a missing Japanese F-35 lost in about 25,000' of water.

Among the other participants in this search are US Air Force U-2 surveillance aircraft, the *JS Chiyoda* (ASR-404), the flagship of the Japanese submarine rescue fleet and the Japanese Agency for Marine-Earth Science and Technology vessel, *Kaimei*.

Obviously the F-35, the jack of all trades fighter used by all the services and the plane to replace the F-18 E/F/G/X/Y/Z etc, is our most sophisticated fighter now and for the long, long future. Our very top technological entities are aboard that plane and loss of that knowledge would be dreadfully traumatic to our defense systems. After our attempt to raise a Russian submarine, Putin's Pals and the Chinese are licking their chops. The F-35 was a "present" to the Japanese Defense Force and was flown by a Japanese pilot who is missing and presumably gone down with his plane.

Nautical Trivia

Duffel, Belgium, was once the center for a thick, woolen cloth used for sturdy coverings aboard ships. Sailors used scraps to make bags for personal gear. Obviously they were called Duffel Bags.

Define:

Muskatoon: A large bore musket OR a cartoon on the Mickey Mouse Club Show.

Royal Pole: The extension of the Royal Mast, the highest rigging on a ship OR a Polish Princess of the Hapsburg variety.

Lay Lord: The opposite of a Law Lord, in other words, a Lord that is not a lawyer, OR a Lord about to hit the rack for a nap.

White Fleet

The *Carnival Fantasy* was in the right spot at the right time and rescued 27 men stranded in the Caribbean. Twenty-two men, who were Cuban refugees, set sail on a small fishing craft that lost all power and were adrift for three days. A Cuban Mexican fisherman found them and allowed them aboard his craft that promptly lost power also. A satellite phone call to relatives was forwarded to the Coast Guard who promptly sent out search aircraft. Within 20 minutes the cruise ship was directed to and rescued all the people.

Unfortunately Carnival instantly came under significant fire for rescuing the men. Social media blasted them for bringing illegal aliens into the United States. Carnival's spokesperson, John Heald, was forced to make a statement attempting to explain the SOLAS regulations requiring captains to respond and rescue sailors in distress. Of course, that did little to oil the waters of contempt and nationalism.

Oasis Of The Seas is in drydock for routine maintenance but a large crane working on the ship collapsed seriously injuring eight crew members.

The cruise ship, *Freewinds*, owned by and used only by the Church of Scientology, has been quarantined in St Lucia because of a measles outbreak. The ship is moored at Point

Seraphine at the Port of Castries. Everyone is fine and things just need to settle down. The US won't let the ship into US waters and the port authorities do not want the passengers to mingle with the world while ill.

Carnival Cruise Ships have notoriously dumped raw sewage, oily water and garbage near ports and shorelines. Courts have routinely nailed the company with hefty fines, but reports from the Miami newspapers cite over 800 illegal incidents between April 2017 and April 2018. The *Miami Herald* editorialized that Florida should ban Carnival and her subsidiaries, Princess Cruises, Holland America and Seaborne. Californians are also worried about these ships because these companies own two-thirds of the ships porting in Santa Barbara.

Richard Fain, CEO of Royal Caribbean Cruises, waxed joyously about the fiscal income from *Celebrity Edge* and *Symphony of the Seas*. Both ships are high end entertainment at deluxe prices. Royal Caribbean has another of these luxury type vessels on the way.

Meanwhile Princess Cruise Lines announced its 2020-21 itinerary for the more modest of guests. They will send five ships through the Panama Canal for sundry destinations and starting from ports on both US coasts. These feature 30 different departures and 23 destinations in 11 countries. The Caribbean destinations will commence with a debut at the Fort Lauderdale port and feature seven to ten day vacations to the eastern and western Caribbean Islands. They even provide a combination of two ten day trips into a 20 day full monty.

A ferry on Lake Kivu in the Democratic Republic of the Congo sank killing 13 but 147 were missing. Of course, the boat was greatly overloaded because the country has few passable roads. Such accidents are common.

Merchant Fleet

Seafaring has always been a rugged, tough and lonely job. Recent studies seem to indicate that stress related suicides are rampant among crew. Depending on whose study you examine the range is between 20% to 30% of deaths in this profession are self inflicted. The aviation professionals have created an entire specialization of psychology dealing with pilots, attendants and workers. The shipping industry is just beginning to realize their problems.

Vard, a Norwegian shipyard, delivered *Hanseatic Nature* to Hapag-Lloyd Cruises of Germany. The smallish 230 guest ship was turned over to Captain Thilo Natke who will operate the liner from Hamburg. Fincantieri, that owns a whole bunch of shipbuilding companies, owns Vard. They are currently constructing *Hanseatic Inspiration* and *Hanseatic Spirit* that will be up and running within two years.

Speaking of the Russians, Schottel has ordered 11 cargo ships from Krasnoye Sormovo Shipyard that will carry twin rudder-propellers and a transverse thruster but main power will be complement of a pair of Diesel engines with an input power of 1200kW at 1000rpm in order to sail at 10 knots (which equals the number of knots in my deck shoe shoestrings). These ships shall have a capacity of 11,200 m3, that means absolutely nothing to this old seadog.

Turkey's innovative tug builder, Sanmar, selected Caterpillar as the maker of the first tug using hydraulic hybrid propulsion.

Sanmar notched its first big prize by building a LNG tug, now it is creating a powerful but smaller sized engine that packs 70 tons of bollard pull and full force fire fighting capabilities meanwhile using 20% less fuel.

Tugboat skippers are not always aware of dangers lurking around the bow of large ship. If the ship is moving with much speed, the bow creates a suction that can capture the bow of the tug, forcing it down and deeper under the vessel. Captain Henk Hensen, obviously not Irish, reminded fellow tug captains that the *Barta* was sucked under a ship with which she was attempting to seize a towline. The tug sank killing two crew. Hensen noted that the interaction between vessels multiplies exponentially with speed, therefore the attraction force is twice as great at 7 knots than at 5 knots. At this level the tug is unable to free itself.

Hensen further discussed that these conditions usually occur in heavy fog or when the tug loses visual cues. The potential for problems is especially enhanced if the large ship has a large, bulbous submerged bow. This same reaction occurs at the stern and is compounded by the revolutions of the propellers at different speeds.

Mammoat Salvage showed videos of the salvage operations on *Jupiter 1*, a floating floatel in Mexico that sank due to a broken valve, forcing 638 people to abandon the craft. Officials, calling this an environmental equivalent of the Deep Water Horizon, managed to save the cargo of 82 barrels of jet fuel and 2000 barrels of diesel fuel.

COSCO England, a neopanamax container ship, smacked another ship at a dock at Port Klang in Malaysia requiring some repair work on the *England* but not enough to really mess up operations. Spokespersons (or is that spokespeople?) said that cargo operations might lose about 600 meters of dock usage for a week but that was all. No one seemed too upset at the port or at sea. If an airport gate was lost in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, all flights domestic and international would be crippled for a month.

Comment

One does not think of Iowa as a maritime state but the data from Iowa State University and the state government agencies tell a different story. Sitting 1,000 miles from salt water, Iowa is a major US exporter to other countries across the seas. Farmers in the Hawkeye State send \$1.4 billion worth of corn to Japan, Mexico and (read this!) Angola! Iowa built John Deere and Caterpillar agricultural equipment exports nets the state approximately \$813 million annually. Pork brings in \$401 million to a state known for its 22 million hogs (and smell and manure runoff). Soybeans add about \$432 million to the coffers in Des Moines. Chemicals (think Monsanto, ADM's Corn-sugar and Cargill) account for over \$384 million in profits. Aviation components from Rockwell Collins exist in virtually every airplane in the world and its headquarters and factories in Cedar Rapids add \$303 million to our little community each and every year (we must have to more engineers per capita than any city in the world). Beef (frozen) adds about \$181 million to the state. Virtually all of that total economic output here in the Midwest is dependent on maritime shipping as our two US Senators are learning.

All these products use the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, are stored in ports such

as New Orleans, Los Angeles or on the East Coast and then exported across the sea in merchant ships. The Farm Bureau may not understand this but maritime issues are Iowa issues. Think about it.

The above was written only six hours before the American Society of Civil Engineers released a report showing that the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers contribute \$4.3 billion in revenue to the state of Iowa. They also noted that the rivers support 26,000 jobs in the state. Unfortunately they also cited the fact that our locks and dams are over 80 years old and in desperate need for replacement. Our current locks are 30 years beyond their original planned life span.



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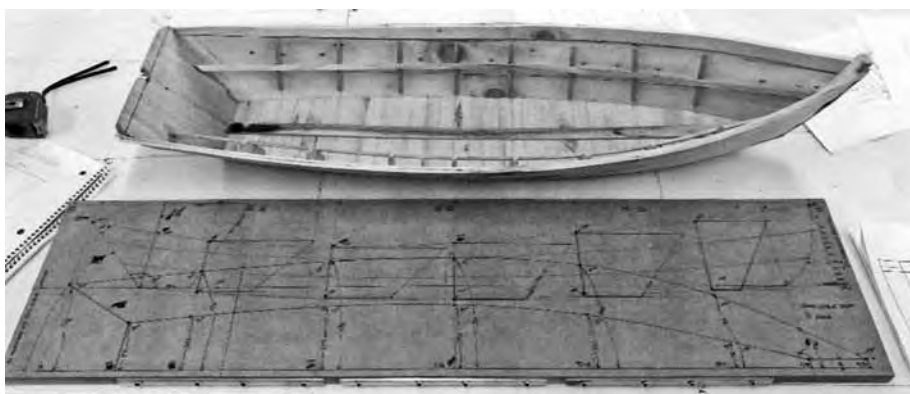
Next Meeting: Sunday, June 2nd at 12:30 pm

Potluck with Meeting to follow at Uconn Avery Point Boathouse Bldg 36

Local: www.JGTSCA.org www.facebook.com/JGTSCA

National: www.TSCA.net

The Good Little Skiff Project Gets Underway



In January we said we would pursue a group build only if we a) had a Champion, b) a Project Plan and c) decided up front what would become of the craft. After the meeting Brian Cooper stepped forward and said he would like to lead the effort and would put together a plan. He brought that to the membership at the February meeting, who resoundingly agreed. In March he proposed the he would not only lead the build but fund it as well, receiving remuneration only if it failed to sell at the 2020 WoodenBoat show or, if he fell in love with it, he would keep it.

Having just completed a skin-on-frame Whitehall, he hankered after something a bit more traditional and wanted to be able to both row and sail. Culler's Good Little Skiff answered the call and, besides, we already had a couple of sets of plans. Things got going in early April when I received following from Brian:

"Here is a plan that you can send out to members. I have attached some pictures that I thought you would enjoy (anything I send to you feel free to share with others as you see fit.) I salvaged some $\frac{7}{16}$ " plywood from crates at work. The sheets were 8'x3'. I cut them into $4\frac{1}{2}$ " strips and screwed ten pieces together (staggered the butt joints) with $\frac{1}{8}$ " #8 Deckmate Screws. I then used my newest tool, a Makita Electric Hand Planer, to square off the beams to 4" width. The finished beams are $2\frac{1}{4}$ "x4"x15'11" (4850mm). These beams will sit on two sawhorses and support the 8'x16' MDF lofting table. I hope these beams can also be used to make the ladder frame for the construction of the boat. I will be transporting these beams to APBH on the 19th.

Good Little Skiff Project

The JGTSCA Chapter is building the Good Little Skiff 15, a Pete Culler design rowing/sailing boat. The Mystic Seaport Boat-



house has the $13\frac{1}{2}$ ' version of this boat, the *Waldo Howland*. The project will start with a full scale lofting. On Friday, April 19, we will set up a lofting table at the APBH. The actual lofting will start at 9am on Saturday, April 20. I hope to have more details on the overall project schedule at the lofting. If you want to help with the project or observe, you are always welcome. Along with updates at the JGTSCA monthly meetings, I will be sending out reports on progress and upcoming activities. If you are interested in adding your name to the email list please send me your email.

Brian Cooper, 2019 GLS Project Manager, cooperbd@aol.com, (860) 977-4951."

For our April meeting, Brian brought a scale model of the lofting, a one-fifth scale model of the skiff, a model of the building frame and now has a full size set of building beams. Brian was right on schedule, as reported by Dan Nelson, our Boatshop Manager, on April 26th: "Last Friday Brian Cooper led a small group in setting up a lofting table for the Good Little Skiff. This was followed by a Saturday work session and class on lofting the GLS. Thanks to Carl Kaufman for the tips and loan of lofting aids. GLS work will continue tonight, plus finishing the turk's heads on dory oars, possibly moving a dory into the shop, and varnish prep work on a melonseed mast."

And to bring you totally up to date, this just came in early this morning, May 5, from Brian:

"We had a productive day, albeit a long one, and John and I managed to finish the five molds with the exception of one cross brace (ran out of wood). Next event will be when we will add the "risers" to the molds and position/align them on the strongback. There are a few other details to work out in regards to things we might want to do before we position the molds, like maybe cut some partial notches for the chines. I don't think we need to bevel the sides or bottom as the amount of planing needed to be done can easily be done when we fit the bottom and planks. As usual, any advice is appreciated."

This is a very ambitious project which is moving right along. Come by and join the fun! A big thank you to all who helped with the initial lofting (Brian has a time lapse video of you zooming around) and to those who loaned tools (Carl Kaufman, drafting "Ducks") and advice (David McCulloch). The lofting was also available for viewing during Monday's Earth Day Celebrations.

We're off to a great start.



Metric vs English: Respectfully Submitted, Buntline

Perhaps you have seen discussions raging in recent issues of *Fine Woodworking* and *Small Craft Advisor*. As noted in our lead story, Brian Cooper is using metric measurements to loft and build our Good Little Skiff as opposed to the feet inch eighths notation traditionally used. He must have mentioned that in his presentation meeting in February, but that is too far back for me to remember and besides, he did volunteer so who can complain. In his defense, he is nuclear trained, as is his assistant, John Unverzagt, so metric must be second nature by now.

So let us join the discussion. Why do we measure things in terms of English King Henry 1st's thumb, say nothing of his foot? And the length of his belt, or girdle, as they called it, measured from the tip of his nose to the thumb of his outstretched hand. One yard. And let me guess, from outstretched hand to hand was a fathom, but we won't go there yet.

Kicking things off in *Fine Woodworking*, the following was offered in defense of English Units:

"The very simple reason we use the English scale (12") to a foot, the inch divided into 16ths is its divisibility. If you have to divide 12.5cm into equal parts more than twice, the decimal fraction runs three places to the right. Who can find 3.125 on ruler? But divide 12 1/2" in half and you get 6 1/4", then 3 1/8" and so on down to 32nds if need be. Much easier, as any finish carpenter would tell you.

The metric scale was developed as part of the intellectual philosophy of the French Revolution which sought to eliminate God, the King and anything that smelled like the old order. Off with their heads! It has a purpose in the sciences but doesn't work nearly as well in the craft world."

The metric reply is:

"Forget meters and centimeters and deal directly with millimeters. For example, 50 1/2" is equivalent to 1282.7mm, forget the .7mm since we can't measure that close anyway (I paraphrase) and simply divide the remaining whole number. No fractions to calculate. Thinking in terms of millimeters, the metric system makes sense."

A reply from a 73-year-old (my kind of guy) from North Bay, Canada, addresses the visual. He likes Imperial tapes which show 1/2" with a line shorter than 1", 1/4" with a line shorter than 1/2", etc, making it much easier to read the scale at a glance.

What say you boat builders out there? Anyone tried building Bolger's Light Dory Type V, his 4.74 meter Surf Dory? The one he himself said was a double ended version of his Gloucester Gull? Might be an interesting exercise, see Chapter 4 of his first book, *Small Boats*. Or join Brian Friday evenings and Saturday mornings on Good Little Skiff and use metric in real time.

So if we are to embrace metric (at least for this one boat build), let's come up with some rules of thumb (sorry) to give us some perspective. The old standard they taught us in school involved a mess of mind boggling numbers that proved impossible to remember:

The Old Standard English to Metric:

Inches to Centimeters Multiply by 2.54

Feet to Centimeters x 30.48

Yards to Meters x 0.9144

Pounds to Kilograms x 0.454

Ounces to Grams x 28.34

Fluid Ounces to Milliliters x 28.41

The Old Standard Metric to English:

1 mm = 0.0394" = +/- 1/25"

4mm = .16"; 6mm = .24"; 9mm = .36"

10mm (1cm) = 0.394" = +/- 38"

100mm = +/- 3.94" (approx 4")

1m = 3.28' (approx 40")

1.5m = approx 60"/5'

3m = approx 120"/10'

1km = 0.62 statute mile

1km = .54 nautical mile

I think you can see from the second set of numbers that there is a possibility of understanding what we are looking at if we round things off a bit. Let's take it to the next step:

From the Inch Point of View:

1"=25.4mm

4" = 100 mm +/-

10" = 250mm +/-

1' = 304.8mm = 300mm +/-

1yard= 914.4mm = 900mm +/-

And finally something so simple that even I can understand:

25 mm is about 1"

100mm is about 4"

250 mm is about 10"

300mm is about 12" = 1'

900mm is about 36" = 3'

1000 mm (1m) is about 40"

1500mm (1.5m) is about 60" = 5'

3000mm (3m) is about 120" = 10'

These last courtesy of Dudley Dix (*Small Craft Advisor* #112 pg 42 J/A 2018) who recommends thinking in terms of mm rather than cm and uses a ProCarpenter Metric/Standard tape measure which shows inches and mm on the same side, available from Woodcraft or Rockler. (Take a quick look at Brian Cooper's tape and you will see the same thing.)



On a personal note, I ran up against this when working with a crew of organ builders, all European trained, when they shouted up to the balcony, "How long do you want that piece of trim?" and the answer came down, "1732". That was the length, not the year. That sent me on this quest. For me, the most useful bit of information I found was that a dollar bill is 6.14" long, or approximately 150mm, in case I forget my measuring tape.

Around the Shops

Bringing in a JGTSCA Dory for maintenance at Avery Point Community Boathouse: Bill Armitage, Phil Behney, Nikita Unverzagt, John Unverzagt and Jim Clark.



Jim McGuire, Leader of Boathouse Volunteers, launches skiff *Mary*, the first boat of the season, with a shove towards the floating dock.



Frank Laviguer demonstrates one of his home-made tools during our Chapter's tour of his Backyard Boat Shop after our April meeting. His family boat is back in plank and frame.



The Mystic Seaport Ship Modelers (MSSM) will hold their Ship Model Show and R/C Run at Australia Beach a week or two before the WoodenBoat Show. They will also host their MSSM Ship Model Exhibit at the WoodenBoat Show, this year outside on the Sabino Dock. Their regular meetings are the second Saturday of the month.

View from the Side Deck

There is a lot going on as we open the season. Our Chapter participated in UCONN Avery Point's celebration of Earth Day with a table inside the Student Union alongside the UCONN Eco-Huskies, with whom we team to pick up trash on nearby islands. At Building 36 we advertised our Open House with flag flying and Brian Cooper's fabric-on-frame Whitehall outside on the lawn to draw people in. Inside, Brian, Dan Nelson and Bill Armitage continued laying out the lofting for our next build, Pete Culler's Good Little Skiff. Stop by on Fridays or Saturdays and lend a hand in its construction.





Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

It looked to be a great day for sailing. We were out on the water a half hour before sunrise on Saturday, March 30, my friend in his Daysailer 2 and I in my Daysailer 3. The wind was out of the south at 10-15 knots and it was chilly, but with warm jackets and life-jackets we were happy.

Following a lovely hour and a half sail, we returned to the dock for breakfast. We were at the Harvey Cedars Bible Conference facility which had a nice dock on Barnegat Bay. We invited some friends to come sailing with us after lunch for a few hours. The forecast was for south winds all day increasing to 20 knots with gusts to 30. The dock was in the lee of a point with buildings on somewhat protected water. The sun was shining brightly with temps in the 60s. This was the first weekend on the boats this year and we were excited.

After lunch we wandered down to the dock and prepared to set sail. My friend set off with a sailing buddy of his and were soon nearly out of sight, sailing downwind up the bay. Two of my friends, who had never sailed before, came aboard and I hoisted the sails. Lifejackets were donned, the boat was tidied and we cast off. This was going to be fun!

As we got going I followed my usual practice of heading upwind to make the ride back easier and got the board down. I estimated the wind at 15-20 with higher gusts and told my friends we would all have to sit on the high side. For our first time coming about I instructed the guys to move to the

Barnegat Bay Teaches Me Some Lessons

By Bruce Robbins

other side while I released one jib sheet and trimmed the other. As it was so awkward trying to work around them I began teaching them how to do the trimming.

We had come out into the bay and were encountering the full force of the wind. I had to keep spilling wind to keep the cockpit coaming out of the water. I told the guys that we should reef, but then easing the sheet and spilling wind was keeping most of the water out of the cockpit. We were enjoying a fast close reach. On our last catastrophic tack I cleated off the mainsheet as I began to round up and released the jib sheet. Just before the bow crossed the eye of the wind, the other jib sheet was hauled in tight, we were back winded and over we went, all three of us now being to leeward.

My first thought was to get around to the centerboard to keep the boat from turtling and two of us accomplished that while the third hung onto the transom. As she came up, sheets still cleated, off she sailed, leaving two of us behind, in 42 degree water! We called 911 for help and then, not knowing how long it might take, we set off to swim for the boat, which had sailed ashore onto a marsh island about a mile away.

When the boat reached the shore, the guy hanging on the stern walked up to the cuddy, retrieved his phone and also called for rescue. As we neared the boat, some 50 minutes later, three rescuers on a rescue jet ski with a litter came up, left a rescuer with the guy at the sailboat and hauled the two of us swimmers across the bay to an ambulance and to the hospital.

These are my conclusions:

1. I should have thought twice about taking two non sailors out in those conditions. The wind had come up since the morning's sail and the water was cold. It would have been prudent to have had another sailor aboard.

2. I should have come back and reefed as soon as I thought it would be helpful. No excuses here, I know this. I was just stupid. A small craft advisory went up just after the incident.

3. I should not have cleated the mainsheet when coming about. It would have been harder to tack but we would have stayed up.

4. I should not have been in such a rush to right the boat. The masthead was in the mud and it couldn't turtle. After the capsizing I should have gotten someone on the centerboard and then, before righting the boat, swum around to the lee side, uncleated all of the sheets and clambered into the boat with the other crew, and then righted it and pulled the buddy on the centerboard into the boat.

5. I should have had the radio and the PLB (personal locator beacon) on my lifejacket.

Independence Seaport Museum Meeting

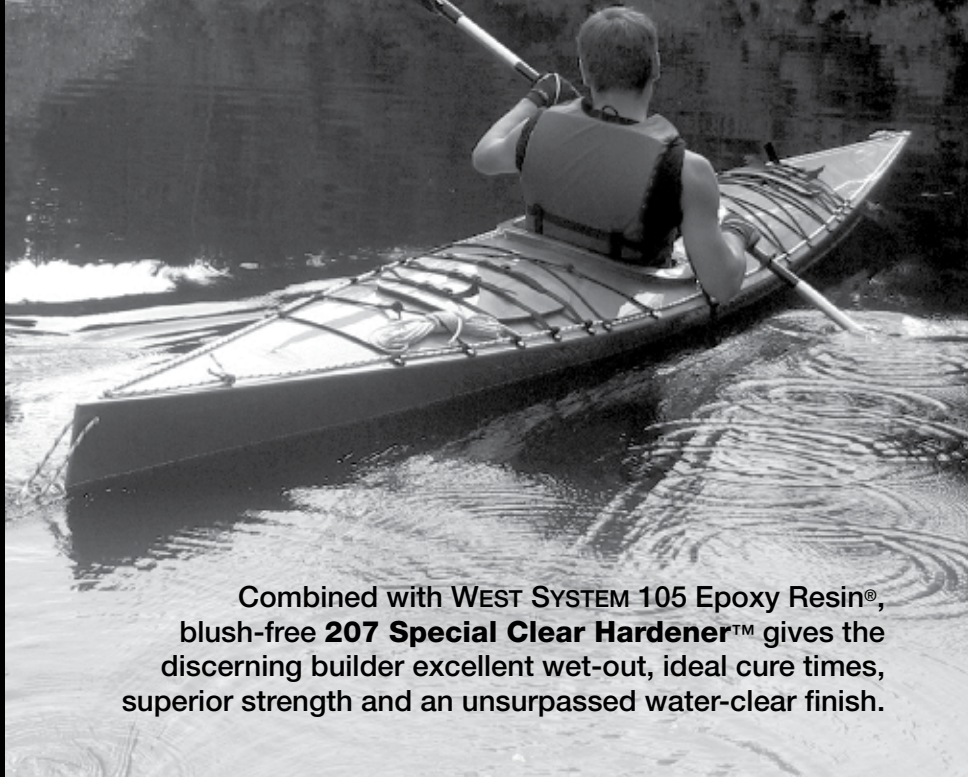
We convened in the Independence Seaport Museum's Workshop on the Water for a tour led by Dave Dormond. Dave is the instruction coordinator and new member of the TSCA. President Carol Jones dispensed with our normal opening and we got right to the program. Dave gave us a brief autobiography on how he wound up in boat building and then led us on a terrific tour of the current active projects and those on hold. The students in the STEM program are well on their way to

finishing up a 19' garvey to oversee the museum's boating activities. There's also a Corinthian sailboat on the molds, which promises to be a beauty. A Beetle Cat and a Herreshoff design hang from the ceiling. Both are for sale but could be a little cheaper. All the while we feasted on Mary Stauss's chocolate chip cookies. The program and the cookies were just perfect.





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Yesterday afternoon the sun came out just in time and just long enough for me to be able to do at least a minimal amount of “twiggling” and also to get this photo. Here are the four frames (the forward port and starboard frames and the aft dittos) for *Dancing Chicken* set up over near the camper.



Incidentally, this is an actual photo (as opposed to a computer simulation as in Part XXIV). Since someone has already asked me what those tape strips on the forward chine are for, I will explain that they are left over from when I did that three dimensional rough sketch and transportation experiment in which I took *Dancing Chicken* to church with me in a cab.

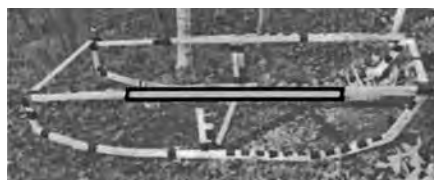
Meanwhile, here are those frames, temporarily set up for “twiggling” (this is a term I introduced in, I think, Part XXV. My definition for this term is “the process of developing empirical information utilizing the expedient of hands on experimentation.” I think that works well as a definition. Actually, I think it sounds a lot better in some ways than the term itself and I’ve started to think that I may want to try to come up with a niftier sounding term later, but meanwhile, oh well.

One piece of information I have gleaned is that the idea of attaching an outside longitudinal fastener for holding (or assisting in holding) the two halves together does seem so far to work very well. In fact, it seems to add to the overall stability. It’s not very easy from that photograph to see where those longitudinal fasteners are attached, so here’s the photo with the location of the fastener accented:

Dancing Chicken

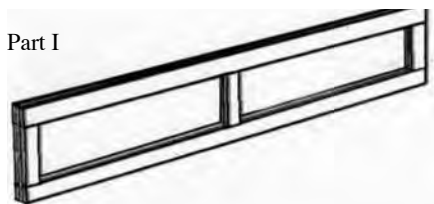
A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts Part XXVII

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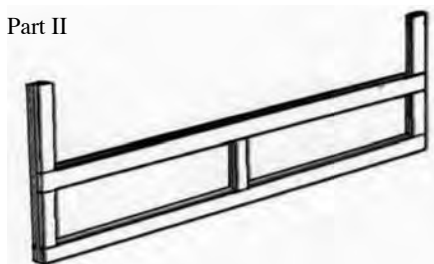


Next, I’ve been thinking about those members I drew in Part XXVI, the Parts I and II for the juncture. I’m pretty sure I was overthinking those and that having both of them might be unnecessary. For quick reference, here are those members.

Part I



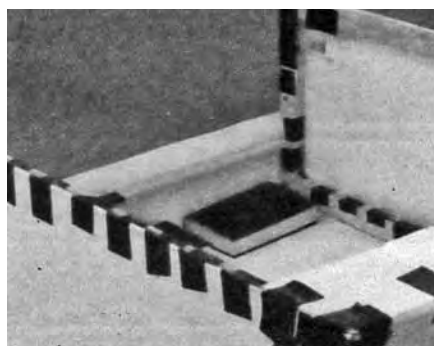
Part II



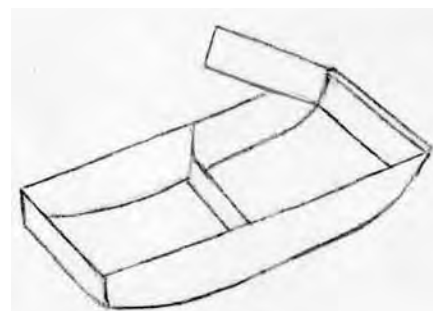
I also remembered the idea I had a while ago about using hinges. This next rough sketch is an aerial view of *Dancing Chicken* with hinged juncture members in place and halfway between the position for being deployed and being folded for travel. When deployed, they would both be snugged up against the midships juncture, one on each side of it.



To help with the visualization of where what goes, this next picture is a detail from that photograph of the forward section taken at the back of the auditorium at church showing the midships juncture point of the forward section.



I think the transom could also be rigged with hinges, with one of those “Part Is” modified for appropriate dimensions for the transom. The bow member, though, will probably have to be done a little differently. Because of the angle of the bow at that point, a hinged member would obviously not fold on its hinges and tuck into the side of the boat. It would stick up at an angle congruent with the angle of the bow. Here, using a modification



of the rough sketch from Part XXIV, is an illustration of that bow angle.


So what to do? I think having a member that would slide into slots on the inside of the bow might work, or possibly using something similar to gudgeons and pintles. When I started designing the boat, one of the things I wanted to find out was about that bow angle. I had sort of a mental picture of it but that was part of why I built the model, to find out what would actually happen.

That, come to think of it, is another example of the usefulness of that hands on experimentation idea. By the way, models can be constructed out of more things than most people would consider using, especially if all you’re doing is trying to find out basic information. I’ve had people say things to me like, “but cardboard...” But it’s amazing the information one can gain by just using regular old cereal box type cardboard and masking tape.

In fact, a while ago I built a dome, or perhaps more accurately a dome tent, out of rebar and covered with a tarp. I used those above-mentioned strips of cardboard and masking tape in the process of designing it. I may do something relatively similar for use with *Dancing Chicken* since getting her outside very frequently may be more difficult this season because of the unpredictable weather.

Also, there’s not as much space inside the Airstream as there was in the last camper in which I mostly built my last boat, *Talitha Cumi*. I’ve whimsically thought of calling these domes “boat eggs.” Will *Dancing Chicken* hatch from one of these? We shall see.





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Testing, Testing...

Just a year ago we brought the then newly remodeled *Miss Kathleen* on the still in progress *Mr Tom* to this very ramp on one of our lakes billed as “a quintessential Idaho lake” to the ONLY resort on the lake. And the same thing happened, WE GOT STUCK. Not all ramps are created equally. In fact, one of the constants of this trailer boating thing is that no two ramps are the same. They change angle as they descend into the water. They bottom out too shallow. They can even run at too steep an angle for reliable launch. Most of these facilities are put there and maintained for Jim Bob and the bass boat crowd. Deeper draft, low powered and single handed launches that Jamie and I do require some definite compromises. I was pretty sure we had figured those things out with *Walkabout* and *Mr Brogans*.

Tantalizingly close, but with *Big Red* already backed in up to his tailpipe, we had already used up all our Plan B. Sure, we can almost always ooch the boat off the trailer, it's the gettin' back on that becomes the wonderwhut. So. We went to the park to wait for Phil to show up.



I'd had this brilliant scheme that metastasized the evening before. I've been trying to figure a multi purpose step that could stay in place, a way to clamber up into *Walkabout* when she's on the trailer. This step thingie was also to be a way to bring the bow up a few degrees when running at speed.

These trim tabs had been a substantial motor mount on *Lady Bug* only hours before this picture was taken. Some quick work with a fast dulling sliding miter saw and a few passes over the belt and disc sanders and presto! Determining the “proper angle of attack” on a fixed foil, affixed to a constantly shifting velocity and trim angle, required a special skill set. I could test the actual stepping up and stepping down part of the design right there in the driveway but developing a thinguhmajig that actually delivered a sweet spot between enough lift and too much stall was a different challenge



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

So we were gonna test this new invention out. Phil was gonna take some pictures of it in action and we were gonna go use the marina docks at the still not open Silver Beach Resort for that purpose. There was a pretty inventive work barge approaching and the pilot told us that Silver Beach was “all locked up.” Dunno what that means. But I do have my suspicions. Family owned tracts of waterfront do tend to fall to the voracious “development” movement. And we weren't gonna get there without some trailer mods anyhow.



It was getting on toward lunchtime so we saddled up and wandered back up north. to AJ's for lunch in Priest River. One of only two ramps that we've been able to frequent this early in the season is right there. The ramp's usable, the water's deep enough. And if we get there before 1400, lunch is served. We had ours, to go aboard *Walkabout* across the street. And, of course, we had several visitors. These Frankenboats do draw a crowd.

And then it was off to the familiar ramp. We made some “high speed” passes. Phil took a skene of pix, all of which we brought back to the lab for further analysis. The answer is still elusive, at least, those new seaweed grabbers made pretty good steps.



Propulsion Testing

I'm beginning to wonder if *Miss Suzi* is some sort of distant relative of *Imelda Marcos*. She has developed quite a collection of shoes. The blunt four blade is what she

showed up wearing. At anything above about 3 knots that one stalls out. Too flat a pitch, was my guess. It's a 10" swinging circle, with only a 5" pitch billed for heavy loads and slow speeds. Not us, I guess.

The three blade is what the dealer sent me to try. It's only a 9 1/4" diameter but has an 11" pitch. It did OK on *Miss Kathleen*. It was kinda bumpy on *Walkabout* so I went to the Real Propeller Guy. The RPG took another 9 1/4"X11 and cupped it. It is a Michigan Wheel unlike the rest that all have Asian heritage. It pepped things up for *Walkabout* but was not as smooth as I thought it should be. Sooooo today was a sort of a test of the latest four blade that came in the mail.



The wind was against the current, shifting and veering about. We ran up and down stream and averaged the two recorded speeds over ground. Not a real accurate way to make a comparison but I think we got another half knot of top speed and it seemed to run quieter and smoother. The idea was to use actual tach readings instead of just going by ear and throttle position. But the tach and engine hour sum log that also came in the mail showed up without wiring harness to reach from the rough beginnings of the future instrument cluster to that wad of wires that head aft from the shift/throttle box to the “main propulsion spaces.”

Mr Geezers, a superannuated automotive GPS unit that is in a home grown flush mount, and Mr Bubbles, the relatively new depth sounder, are both functioning just fine so we've got the basics and a few steps up the ladder, too.



One Can Never Have Too Much Ground Tackle

We've ground tackle sufficient for the average 35-footer but I've been wondering how it all might fit on *Walkabout's* fock'sl. And there's still a capstan and wildcat yet to find a spot for, probably right behind the Herreschoff cleat that is holding the chain “for the moment.”

I've also been wondering how to keep the profile more or less as original. There

was “supposed to” be a substantial bow sprit/ anchor platform projecting from the centerline. I got to thinking, that would almost exactly line up with my noggin’ on most launching ramps. Some of us have to think about things like that.

When I discovered this contraption, I was quite impressed. It can snuggle quite a substantial bower anchor up into *Walkabout*’s bow overhang and discharge it without so much as a clunk or scrape, especially if mounted slightly off center.



But I was still sort of flummoxed about how all this chain and rode was supposed to get stowed away. We do have a pretty restricted forward section what with *Walkabout* being only a 16’ boat with a 2’ motor well added onto the rump. Finally I went over to the local hardware store and wandered around a bit until something sort of jumped off the shelf. Today, it was a 4” heavy duty vacuum hose, two plastic floor drains, a couple of really big hose clamps and a tube of miracle goo.

Presto, a hawse pipe that sort of conforms to the curvature of the hull, attaches to the berth flat and overhead and is smooth inside. Sort of a Rube Goldberg rabbit hole.



It’s a Game of Inches

Walkabout and *Mr Brogans* have “taken a dip” several dozen times already this “spring.” We’re getting closer to a pretty good lashup but there’s some concern still about how



Walkabout can get hung up on that trailer bow chock. For the moment it seems like a good idea to keep around for a while longer.

I’ve been going back and forth about extending the tongue, taking a larger drop in the replacement axle that is certain to come and such trailerephemera. I even waited for the leftover tongue extension and hitch mechanism that I have been saving for just a moment as this to finally melt out from under some of the last of the snow we’ve been saving in the shade of the shop. Then a eureka moment, “Down six, back four.”



A visit to our remarkably well organized trailer hitch and stuff area and there it was, a refugee from several bygone abandoned ideas and genius moments, our veteran adjustable draw bar and ball. Kinda awkward for actual use but offering a great way to check stuff out on a quickie trip down to the Diamond Puddle ramp. Not yet officially in operation, but there’s water there.



From an Abundance of Caution

After spending a couple of weeks putting “finishing touches” on *Walkabout*, I was ready to go. It’s like this. A group of ragbaggers led by a couple with their exquisitely crafted Welsford Penguin had organized a trip, first of the season for many, to one of the bigger lakes to the south of us. We planned to meet up with them at the first night’s moorage. But the wind speeds and predicted gusts were in the getsyerattenshun range. This lake does bend around a few corners, but the main axis runs for over 20 miles.

Given the opportunity, that magnitude of fetch can kick up some whoppers and I really hadn’t given *Walkabout* much of a roll test yet. I had no real idea how she would nose into head seas. Pop up like a cork or just plow on through? It would be good to have a general notion before heading out “into the storm.”

Sooooo, instead of heading south, we moseyed on back to our “regular” ramp in search of some “specimen seas” to do some sort of testing. The river was running at about three knots, the wind was forecast from out the west, nearly in direct opposition. I figured we had a slam dunk for a quickie test, in and out and on our way.



About that wind? We continued to mosey upstream in search of the NOAA winds. I wasn’t worried about the hull form, it was love at first sight, that high bow, sweeping flare forward and that well turned out forefoot. She has PT boat in her genes. It’s the superstructure that I built up that I needed to test in a bit of a gyration. All I needed was some wind against the current.



Well, maybe there were a few other things to test out? Like that whizbang anchor setup. I figured we could find us a lee shore to anchor off. That way, when the wind did finally come up we’d know about it right away. About the only excuse for anchoring in the open on the downhill side of the pond I can think of.

Along the way I tried out all the various seating positions while *Walkabout* did her best to maintain a straight track without my

help. Here's the view from the starboard settee. Some humongous houses over thataway. I'm really getting to like this little house on the water. We've even got some paintings on the wall, like the cool kids, over there on the beach. And they didn't seem to mind that we were the only boat out on their river today.



I also got to test how snazzy it is going out on that back porch to get weeds off the electrically lifted lower unit. Miss Suzi also got us out of thin water, with that electric tilt bid'ness, after I removed 50lbs of weeds from her new (also being tested today) four blade, steep pitched wheel.



Aeolus did, at long last, when we were lazing about on that lee shore, kick up a fuss against the river's current and we're gonna do just fine! Gotta go find those ragbaggers...

Just the Thing

Planning is for people who have to schedule and maybe for people who don't have boat heaters. This hot little number has been waiting through umpteen boats, and about 25 years, for the chance to audition. Brand new, never been used. The factory has changed hands and names several times in that time. I had to convert it from the original compressed natural gas firebox to the current propane one. But getting a tank and regulator and stack and Charlie Noble and all that stuff just seemed to get in the way. This guy was even "installed" on *Miss Kathleen* for three years without that audition.

Here it is the end of April and we still have below freezing at night here in Almost-Canada. I'd be a lot more "spontaneous" if I didn't have to worry about that sort of thing



when heading out overnight. Nothing several trips to the hardware store and to the "some-day shelf" can't solve. There's a stack of $\frac{3}{4}$ " copper pipe and fittings, a threaded floodlight base, a galvanized floor flange and a stainless steel cowl vent and 12' of hose, a regulator and an expensive little 1.5gal tank. Now I just close the door and turn on the little Hi-Seas nee Cozy Cabin heater. I shoulda done this a long time ago.



We missed a group trip this weekend. Then we were supposed to meet up with Phil for a couple three days at Coeur d'Alene Lake. That didn't happen either. So I asked Jamie the Seadog, "...well, where do ya think we should go, just us, shipmate?" He just gave me that look, you know the one, "...Hey smart guy, we got us a heater, we can go anyplace..." So we were off to our favorite haunt, Granite Creek. It only takes us an hour or so. Almost before you know it we've made that last turn off at Nordman and THERE IT IS!

Always a sight for sore eyes, Chimney Rock. I guess it's been a couple of weeks since we were here, *Walkabout* and me. All the ramps, save one, were still closed due to snow. And yes, Dave, it snowed up here just last night. Usually I bring my Lucas hat and take a picture from the boat across an expanse of water of a snow covered mountain. Next time. Jamie and I were in a hurry.



When we got to the ramp there was a big honkin' pickup sitting parked on the ramp. When the folks came back, we talked for ten or 15 minutes about this and that. Before long we shoved off and then had to pick a direction. So we went north for a while. Then we came about and headed south for a while. No problem finding a place to tie up. We hit the beach in our best gabardines on three occasions, today. We weren't towing a dink so had to find docks to moor to. No problems with crowded pier space, not much activity yet. It was, most of the time just *Walkabout*, Jamie and me.



We did drop the hook off Kalispell Island for a little check the lids for light leaks. Seems like every time I anchor in this spot I end up dragging and bringing up the remnants of a tree. Today, too. Today was a good day for a small boat, with a small crew, on a big pond.

A cold wind made up and slid down from those snow fields to the east. It kicked up a bit of a lump. But hey, we got a roof-boat with a heater, just the thing for a day like today. Just the thing for such a truly wonderful place. You really should come along one of these times. You really should...



Guesswork

First hop on Diamond Puddle for this year. Jamie the Seadog and I had the place completely to ourselves. I guess nobody told anybody else that the gummit guys finally put the docks in place. At the launch ramp, still cold and breezy but the sun was out. Kinda lonely actually.



Before we gave it up and anchored for lunch in a landlocked cove on the north shore, we were on a mission. More propeller changes and experiments. We had to go back and haul out and do the swichohchangeoh a couple of times. Then more up and down, back and forth. We tried big and flat. We tried small and steep. We tried fast and slow.



First Overnight Voyage of the Season

Phil and Jamie and I had this great big pond just about all to ourselves on our first Real Voyage for the couple of boats. *Blue Monty* recently followed Phil home from Pasadena. This little packet is just about still showroom new. Those sails are still creased from the original folds. Yep, that little spit kit is quite the pristine little sailboat, especially in light going.



Before we could get underway we had to recover from another of the last minute inventions which worked just as advertised. The night before this overnight I added a “finishing touch” to the aft end fins and vanes. The idea was to see if maybe the equal to a couple of canoe paddles trailing along might make *Walkabout* run even straighter. After a little testing, that’s exactly what happened so I had to back her in to the ramp and unbolt everything. Standing up to my boot tops working underwater without dropping a bunch of 1/4”-20 nuts and washers, that water is some kinda COLD. Nothing like needing to turn in a tight radius with a side wind to put the kibosh on inventions like this one.

We had a trip to take, open water to transit, brand new sails to put through their paces. I didn’t know what was going on over on *Monty* but *Walkabout* had the full attention of our navigational team. We searched out a couple of possible overnight stopping places, all completely deserted, oddly enough. Maybe the forecast for gusty winds and freezing temperatures kept everybody home, but this place where we moored was nothing less than SPECTACULAR.



I’ll guess that the grounds extend for 100 acres. The docks are not only immaculate, they are commodious. There is room for gobs of boats here. It’s a boat in only campground with tile covered floats and gravel paths and leveled, graveled, sided, tent spaces and an immaculate floating outhouse. There is no electrical power, no water hookups, no vehicular access. A minimalist rustic setting done up in the very best modern country club décor. We had the run of a half dozen piers. Even the payment kiosk wasn’t open for the season yet. This musta cost millions to put together. I wonder if anybody uses it? Even the sunsets are well manicured. It got colder overnight. Hotstuff, *Walkabout*’s new cabin heater was running all night. Come morning it was cloudy, cold and gusty.



We went a bit far afield, just exploring in the comfort of our closed up, warm cabin, sitting in the swivel chair, watching the countryside float on by while listening to the stereo. Little *Monty* took at least one knock-down. Phil showed us where the flailing jib sheet bashed the port side acrylic window hard enough to leave a sizeable star pattern in the “unbreakable” glass.

While Jamie and I were lollygagging around and taking our stinkpotter’s ease, Phil had beat his way most of the distance back to the ramp. Then he got blown most of the way back to the beginning point. With a minimum of todo we got both boats back on their trailers and were off to home, showers and a hot meal with memories of the First Trip of the Season, an excellent mini cruise.



Grease Under the Fingernails



I guess the good news, if there is any, is that it only took a couple hours this time. *Mr Brogans* needed an axle transplant. I refuse to do this sort of thing half fast. If I have to do an axle, there will be brakes and all new bearings, new U bolts



So I launched *Walkabout* and put her in a borrowed slip. That saves about a half day. Soooooo much easier to step across and reach down than to crawl under and bash my noggin on something. I swapped those mondo wheels and tires for something slimmer and lower profile on deeply offset wheels. That not only makes us narrower on these narrow roads we travel, it makes us lower to the water and, presumably easier to launch and recover. Several inches lower with that 4” drop axle.

Hadda get the axles tack welded so I can use the brakes. Otherwise, if I clamp down on the brakes, the axle starts spinning with the wheels until it winds the electrical wire up. Pretty much a mess, not the sort of thing I want to repeat. Changing axles isn't anything I care to repeat either. Not fun, just expensive.

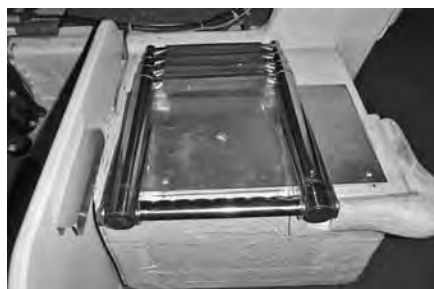


A Couple of Drops in the Bucket

Little Hotstuff, our newly anointed cabin heater, was pretty successful on our overnight to frigid Coeur d'Alene earlier this week. But I was thinking the exhaust stack was maybe just a might too successful. Lotsa hot air was going up that pipe and outside. I wondered if something like this might sort of leach the heat from the stack while the combustion products went their merry way to the outside. Guess Jamie and I will have to go overnight again and test it out.



After weeks of trying different combinations and locations and configurations I found a chunk of leftover $\frac{1}{4}$ " aluminum plate that was almost exactly the correct size to bolt *Miss Kathleen's* boarding ladder to. Then it got glued and screwed down to the starboard aft sponson. It folds away pretty snugly and deploys pretty effortlessly. Should be reachable from the dink or from in the water and accessible from the pavement while *Walk-about* is still on the trailer.



Just a Quickie

Just a year ago I was mired in hooking up electric brakes and marker lights and direct current conductors on a loaded boat trailer. I was pretty sure I wasn't going to (want to) "do that again." Things got a bit crazy and I came up with what seemed like a master stroke, I squirreled miles of wire and mixed color joints into a "watertight" J-box.



Well, I found myself at it again, just a quickie this time. I went to my favorite auto parts house and got the requisite eight pin plug and two conductor. I'd likely have the rest of the stuff. This plug was likely a returned item, no instructions in the box, just stamped in colors for wires that I don't have either wires or colors for. And I really only need five of the eight pins. The truck side goes through two interchanges of disparate colored wire and a maze of splices I had to do as a field repair a while back when a road hazard ripped the plug body completely free from *Big Red's* underside.



So I tried to guess it out. Whoever gave up on this little plug and brought it back for a refund also put it together upside down. When I guessed it all out and went to do a tryfer nuttin' fit. So I went back to *Mr Tom*, *Miss Kathleen's* trailer, and I opened up that J-box. I was pretty sure I had put a copy of the eight pin plug wiring plan in it. Watertight and all.

Oops, the J-box was half full of water and the flimsy little paper diagram was floating face down. We laid him out across the watertight J-box lid in the sun to dry. So it all got re assembled, shrink tubed and pulled into a gawdawful hairball. I didn't have another J-box. My fingers and wrists are simply not gonna be able to hold that bunch of wires and get crimp connectors in place and stay there while I crimp those connectors. Besides, I might have something hooked up wrong. The wire nuts are just for now.



All's Well That Ends...

For some unknown reason I had an absolute COMPULSION to get the boarding ladder mounted on *Walkabout*. Everything else went on hold. I just had this unshakable feeling that sometime, somewhere, well, you've had those. But most of the current TODO list had melted away and Jamie was asking when we might be headed out again. It had been already a whole one third of a whole week since we had gone anywhere except for launching three times in Diamond Puddle.

So, I called Phil and his wife said, "He's out on his boat. I thought he was with you, give him a call." So I did. "Hey Dan, I'm back at Coeur d'Alene. The wind's blowing, but not real hard. I'm with Sam and his wife and sister-in-law and their dog on their Montgomery 15 and I just heard over the radio that they are pulling somebody out of the water someplace." Wow, still a couple of hours before dark, about 75 miles to the ramp.



By the time we launched and got back to where Phil and I spent a frigid night just earlier this week, it was quite dark. Sam, Tshering, Sonam and Phil were all gathered around a darkened picnic table eating a rather capacious spread. First order of business was to ask about the rescue earlier that day. I probably missed some pivotal details but even the outline is quite remarkable.

The two boats had been out sailing more or less in company. And then, as sailboats often are wont, they split up. *Venga Viento* passed a lone male in an overloaded aluminum jonboat. After continuing for a while they heard cries for help from the water astern. There was a head barely sticking out of the water and the jonboat was rolling over and disappearing from sight. Life expectancy in this COLD water without a life jacket fully clothed can't be more than mere minutes.

Sam whipped up his trusty Tanaka air cooled aux kicker and made a beeline for the guy in the water. They got him around

to the stern and the near drowning victim clambered up and out of the water on the BOARDING LADDER. This guy was over six feet tall and hypothermic. Can you think of a better outcome for an absolutely certain disaster? Instead of waiting for the sheriff to drag the area there is a family that is still intact tonight.

Flights of Hubris Reach a New Low

Quigley has transited the highways of this corner of the country for years now. He's never been more than about 3" above the tarmac at the absolute low point/trailing edge. It was all an effort, in the main successful, to make launching and retrieving a 2,000lb keelboat more "effortless." I don't think I've even scraped the paint until last night.



Earlier I borrowed a couple of *Quigley's* shoes, to get *Mr Brogans* up and running (*Walkabout's* consort) and then decided to "requisition" a couple of *Mr Tom's* (*Miss Kathleen's* consort) mondo wheels for the job. Meanwhile, back at the ranch *Quigley* sat with one 14" automotive tire and wheel and one 15" boat trailer tire and wheel. After all, how much is an inch or so? Once again, somehow it all worked out.

I was so impressed with the setup I figured I'd just slap those 14" wheels on both sides and we'd "be OK for now." In the mix *Mr Brogans* got the third shoe from *Quigley* mounted as a spare on the dedicated spare tire mount.

Lady Bug got spruced up. I fiddled with the motor well a bit and deferred installing the electric trolling motor pod that has already been tried out on *Miss Kathleen*. It's an eBay find that I cut down and set up with a six pole, on/off/on toggle switch. About a 65lb thrust whopper. This is gonna be pretty slick. So we went out as a pure sailboat, no motor "for now." I figured I'd go down to the ramp and see just how much even better ol' *Quig* could get us launched with his new, lower profile.

I made it less than one trailer length down our gravel road. We wuz draggin' big time. After scuffling around in that same gravel for a while, it became obvious that I was going to need some more of that intramural requisitioning. I did have all the parts. They were, shall we say, just spoken for by other stake holders. So I celebrated much of the First Real Day of Summer (pushing 80° today) out in the driveway doing trailer surgery.

First order of business is always to break as many of those rusted bolts as possible. In order to put bigger tires on this ol' veteran, I had to have wider fenders. The existing fenders had been appropriated from some other trailer at some other time and then raised, "with materials readily at hand" to, likely, make some trip someplace and were only an expedient that then went on to persist for years.



And, by dint of persistence, *Lady Bug's* veteran mount is now reshod and refendered and bedded down for the night.



Time is More Circular Than Linear

I could say today ended up where it started out. I've been pressing for a new installation of an electric propulsion unit for *Lady Bug*. Some years ago I took a chunk of a 12" diameter drain pipe and entrained it from cockpit sole through to the bottom. It was the basis for a motor well. A series of internal combustion motors ensued.

But stuff happens so I'm thinking I'd like to try 'trons again. But we were actually "scheduled" to go sailing today. Phil showed up with *Blue Monty*. The Lovely and Talented Kate came out to inspect. She likes the periwinkle tint. After Phil passed inspection we headed off to the local Diamond Puddle ramp.



And that's about the time things began to unravel. We needed places to park and rig. All the spots were spoken for. I was especially in a pickle as the only option *Lady Bug* had was to sail in and out of the docking area. None of that rig on the fly stuff this time, we had no propeller turning device. So we pulled into the satellite lot on the other side of the mast eating trees and power lines. "Well, that didn't work out so swell. What if we head over the Idaho line and launch at one of the Corps of Engineers' ramps?" Of course, we'd have to go through the inspection station and buy our out of state sticker but we'd have to do that anyhow."

I'm a frequent flyer at this inspection stop, there's no sneaking by. So I asked if the various CoE ramps were open yet. "You'll have to go ask Ranger Bob, he's over there

in the tour center office, he'll know, but you guys can't park just here, you'll block traffic, if anybody else comes on a weekday morning in early May, that is." So after finding a place to park our wagon train, I hoofed it off in Ranger Bob's direction.



I don't really think he was expecting any visitors. We had a spirited conversation on how none of his charges would be actually open for public use until Saturday. Today was only Thursday. Options were diminishing. "Hey, Phil, why don't we go find an open restaurant and at least have lunch?" At least no dearth of parking places and restaurant tables available in this little berg on a Thursday morning in early May.

Today's mission was to put a couple of blow boats in the water and to go sailing. By then it was getting on into afternoon. "Ya know, by now there just might be a couple spaces at the Diamond Puddle ramp for us to rig and then launch, whatcha, think?" So we were off.

I found a great place to park and rig at an almost deserted spot that had been modified only hours before. Plenty of space for Phil to do as well. Just one problem, the wind had vanished. So Phil started back to The Big City. It took us most of the day to get back to where we started out. Two sets of trucks and trailers and boats, around a 100 miles of driving and not one minute afloat.



The Ins and Outs of the Ups and Downs

Climbing up to look down, climbing down to look up. At the top of this ladder is a narrow platform and a stern pushpit to clamber over. If I'm not really, really careful my less than bendy knees will fail to quite adequately clear that stainless steel rail. All tools and pieces have to be passed up and set down first to allow for "two hands for me, no hands

for the ship." This simple project has taken the better part of a couple days. But with the flip of a toggle switch mounted just inside the companionway, this three blade salad chopper whirrs rather authoritatively.



This heavy little electric trolling motor bottom end took some "special methods" to get mounted and stiffened. This view from the top end of the "shaft alley" shows a rather wide range of methods and materials. Those are three brass ground rod clamps normally used to connect a household electrical service panel to Mother Earth. They are anchored to a 1"x4" square aluminum extrusion (hollow) which is mounted to a 1/4" aluminum angle profile. That's a PVC water pipe spanning one of the ground clamps and an aluminum T profile that is glued to the forward wall of the round motor hole to give better fore and aft rigidity.



That trolling motor once sat at the bottom of a 6' heavy wall stainless steel tube that is now cut down to 18". It's inherently stiff and now VERY stiff. The round plate at the bottom is "just temporary" to keep the washing machine agitator cycle sound at bay from an open/free surface surge that otherwise would predominate. In theory, this stuff is all more or less removable but, hopefully for this season, it's all gonna stay put under the man-hole cover.



Days That Don't Begin with "S"

I took *Lady Bug* down to the launch ramp to test the new azi pod propulsion device. The idea was to schlepp that veteran ragboat into the water and sit alongside the float for a bit of a static load test. Then, if things looked promising, we could just get underway. But when I saw the choreography required to launch and load and pull away from the dock by those already there, and then another three or more of "them" showed up and were waiting for this old guy with the red sailboat to decide what he was gonna do. Well. I know when I'm licked.



The very best day for an old retired guy to fool around at the launch ramp, sort of experiment and check things out, was likely not today. They all have to go home tonight, they'll probably have soccer practice next weekend. Whatdayabet we'll have the place all to ourselves tomorrow morning?

My T-shirt says "Old Guys Rule." Probably not. But we do manage to extract a fair amount of revenge on days that don't begin with "S."



"...Scattered showers, Heavy at times..."

Jamie the Seadog and I had our first road trip of the 2019 Voyaging Season just north of 1200 miles of sagebrush, trees, mountains and asphalt, round trip.



Gone about a week. *Walkabout* has the makings of a very fine way to get there. There are some boat folk we hadn't seen, or talked to, in a year. Every spring The Coots gather for a picnic at a little park on Fern Ridge Reservoir, just up the pike a piece from Eugene, Oregon. Past years that sizeable pond has been absolooootly covered with sailboats. I just couldn't wait to get back.

Except for NOAA it mighta been that way again this time. Just two problems (a) The weatherguessers were RIGHT, and (b) all the locals believed 'em except for Earl. Just gotta love that guy. Earl, and his exquisitely constructed *Dr Petra*, a Glen-L "Bo-Jeste" pocket trawler, joined *Walkabout* in showing up in the traditional way, by water. Earl donated his entire weekend to making Jamie and me right at home in all but deserted Richardson Park Marina and surrounding environs. We chewed the fat, went voyaging on several forays and generally had a quite genteel several days. Thanks, Earl!



The picnic did happen between cloudbursts. Bob brought along his HAM equipped kayak. We can't have a messabout without boats and Bob brought along a boat. Thanks Bob!



After the party broke up Earl took us on a voyage of discovery. At the top end of the lake is this place everybody talks about as "The Jungle," and what a cool place. Reminded me of the bayous of Louisiana except no 'gators, snakes or even big bugs.



It was a road trip, a great chance to see how we boys can make a home away from home aboard *Walkabout* and a chance to see and talk to a bunch of Coots, chase a couple of hardy sailors around the pond between rain storms.



We even stopped at a couple of old haunts along the way. It's sort of against the rules to just drive on by. But mostly it was just Jamie and me and *Walkabout*.



While we were traveling in company through the local equivalent of the Everglades, crossing one of the longer fetches, we absolutely got clobbered. Flash followed by bang and zero zero viz. Pretty cool being in our roof boat.



Then the wind dropped and the sun sort of murked through those clouds. We followed *Dr Petra* into a little hidey hole and, lo and behold, a genuine blast from the past, somebody *Walkabout* could swap sea stories with.

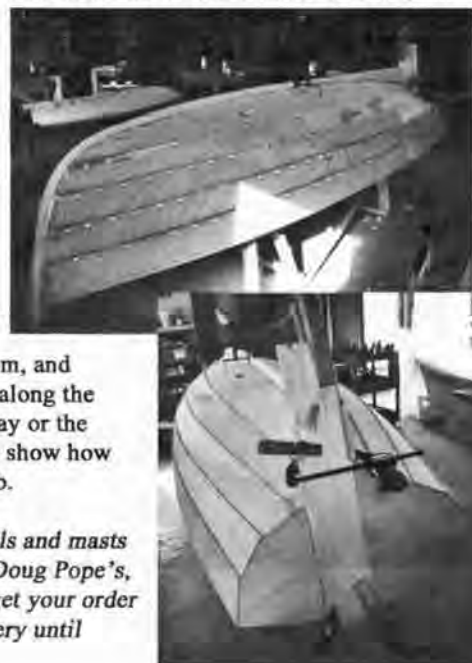
WELCOME TO ARCH DAVIS DESIGN!

Work continues on the second Penobscot 13 in my shop, when it's not too cold! I have only a small wood stove for heat, and it's not really adequate when the temperature drops into the single digits at night, and doesn't get above the teens during the day. February was quite cold, although nothing like the winters we used to get. The lowest temperature I have ever seen in my 30 years in Maine on the thermometer outside the bathroom window was -22 degrees F, but that was 15 years ago. This winter it hasn't dropped below zero (so far!). I remember after some very cold January weather in my first winter in Maine, when it had warmed up a bit, remarking to a co-worker that maybe we had seen the last of the really brutal cold. He looked at me quizzically, and said, "Arch, it can be 15 below any time through March." So there's no doubt more cold weather to come, but at least the days are longer, and the sun has some real strength.

I put the stem facing and deadwood on in the first week of March. I make the deadwood in two pieces - it's easier to scribe for a good fit to the bottom, and you don't need such a long, wide piece. Joining the pieces with a scarf is not difficult. I fit the stem facing first, make the after, deeper piece of the deadwood next, then the narrower forward section. When I am satisfied that they fit properly, I make the joints, and lastly, cut the after piece to finish flush with the transom.

The deadwood needs to be straight along the centerline of the hull, but often the stock you have to work with is not quite straight. If you have a helper, it's easy enough to make sure that the deadwood is straight by having him or her sight along it as you screw it to the hull. If you are working alone, it's a bit more challenging. After leveling the hull athwartships, I clamp a piece of wood vertically to the transom, and stretch a string from that along the hull to the stem facing. I use that to draw a line along the hull at what will be one edge of the deadwood. I can then pull the deadwood one way or the other to touch the line and make sure it is straight as I screw it in place. The photos show how I also use the piece clamped to the transom to make sure that the deadwood is plumb.

SAILS AND SPARS. So far we have managed to keep up to date with orders for sails and masts and spars for delivery in the spring. However, my schedule is very tight, and so is Doug Pope's, the sailmaker's. So if you are planning on a spring or early summer launching, do get your order in as soon as possible. The time is coming when we won't be able to promise delivery until at least later in the summer.



READER'S CONTRIBUTION FROM PETER SAWYER:

This weekend I planned to sail to Horn island, a barrier island about 12 miles from Ocean Springs, MS, seven miles offshore. I got a late start on the day, and then faced winds on the nose in the low 20 kt range. The park ranger actually tried to persuade me not to go out! After racing downwind away from the ramp and down Davis Bayou, I turned to face the brunt of the southeast wind. I had to reduce sail to reefed main alone, making minimal, but steady progress upwind against the tight chop coming down Biloxi Bay. Soon, the winds calmed and I was able to put the jib up, and then shortly after, shake out the reef in the main.

I made it about 3 miles offshore before conceding that I would not make Horn Island because it was still out of sight, dead upwind, the wind was freshening necessitating reefing again - and it was about an hour and a half to sunset. I was also sailing alone and the water was 60 degrees, so it just seemed too much was stacked against me for no real benefit except to my ego. I turned downwind, with full sails up, making quick work of retracing my hard won progress back to harbor. I was disappointed that I had not made my goal.

One bright spot was that a group of students from Indiana University had just arrived for a few days' stay at Gulf Islands National Seashore to make a promotional video for the park. Tatum O'Donnell took the photos and video as I slipping back to the ramp, just prior to sunset.

As always, thanks for the great design. Carolina Rosio has been a great joy for me. It is hard to believe (particularly with all the hard sailing I've put her through), but this coming October will mark the 10th anniversary of her christening.

Peter did a very adventurous cruise along the Gulf Coast in his Laughing Gull a few years ago. If you would like to see the video, let me know and I will send you a link.



The Chebacco boats are the brainchild of Phil Bolger, the prolific naval architect of Gloucester, Massachusetts. They are derived from an earlier design of his called Harbinger, a 15' open catboat with a cold molded hull.

The first version of the Chebacco also had a cold molded hull. It was designed at the request of Brad Story, professional boat builder and artist of Essex, Massachusetts, who wanted a somewhat larger replacement for his Harbinger with a small cabin for overnight accommodation and cat yawl rig. This cold molded version had a transom hung rudder.



Brad found it was an expensive boat to build and asked Phil if he could modify the design to make it more affordable for his customers, and a new, sheet ply version was designed. This had hard chines and an inboard motor so that the outboard motor could be hung centrally on the transom. Any fuel which spilled from the outboard fell into a self draining well, clear of the cockpit.

This version of the Chebacco (Bolger design #540) is 19'8" long by 7'5" beam with a draft of 1'0" or 3'11" depending on whether or not the centreboard is down. This design has proven to be the most popular, no doubt partly due to Dynamite Payson promoting the design through his "Instant Boats" books and articles.



Chebacco Sailboats

Designed by Phil Bolger History and Variants

Reprinted from the *Chebacco News Website*

Brad commissioned yet another version with glued lapstrake sides (Bolger design #575, 19'8" long by 7'9" beam). The other details of the design are essentially the same as the hard chine version.



Another variant is the Chebacco Glass-house (sometimes referred to as the Motor-sailer) with higher topsides, ballasted keel and a big cabin.



Addressing demand for a cruising version of the Chebacco, Phil Bolger & Friends designed a "Light Cruiser" conversion for the 20' Chebacco hull. This design was intended to allow the owner of a lapstrake or sheet ply Chebacco to convert their hull to a sail cruiser or for new builders to incorporate the modifications from scratch. The light cruiser conversion incorporates a pilot-house, head, galley, easily lowered mast in a tabernacle and lots more storage for extended cruising.



In 2002, after almost 20 years of experience and reports from owners, a total revamp of the design known as the Raised Deck Chebacco (Bolger design #540RD, 19'8" long by 7'10.5" beam) was released by Phil Bolger & Friends. This design offers roomier and more comfortable cruising with a greater range of stability and higher displacement. Apart from the higher sides, bigger cabin and raised deck, the design offers a totally new building method that should be quicker and easier (at least to get the hull built). The RD has a lot more cruising related components than the #540 and #575.



The final member of the Chebacco family (Bolger design #602) has a 25'4" lapstrake hull and raised deck with a large 12' cockpit. These last two variants of the Chebacco are not common, despite many features and advantages incorporated into their designs.



There are a small number of one off variants in existence, including a 26' sheet ply version with a birdwatcher style walk through cabin and a lapstrake version of the 20' Raised Deck.

Plans for the Chebacco boats can be bought from:
Phil Bolger & Friends, Boat Designers
PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930 US

Experienced builders can order plans for the sheet ply version of Chebacco from www.instantboats.com. Builders should note, however, that Phil Bolger & Friends will only enter into correspondence with builders who buy plans direct from them.

Mansion Yachts

Contributed by Dick Winslow

Boys will have their toys and the boys of the Gilded Age were no different. Their toys were behemoths costing small fortunes. These captains of America's Industrial Age poured as much money into their toys as they did into their castles. No one single such toy exemplified the era's spirit of ostentation as did their yachts, as in their homes, bigger was better.

Not much detail is known about these floating mansions, family pictures of outings and excursions of some notable Gilded Age capitalists are just now making their way into archival libraries.

Built for ocean going excursions to Europe and other continents, as well as on coastal entertainment jaunts, these vessels contained all the luxuries of a very rich man's home. Ice rooms, hot and cold running water, tiled baths, mahogany paneling, soft sumptuous furniture, electric lights all were commonplace.

One of the most famous and most opulent was the *Atalanta*, owned by Jay Gould, railway and Western Union magnate.

One Rich Boy's Toy

Atalanta was a 228' steam yacht built in Philadelphia by William Cramp & Sons in 1883 for the financier Jay Gould. It was sold to the Venezuelan navy in 1900 where it served as the gunboat *Restaurador* (*Restorer*). It was captured by the German navy during the Venezuelan crisis of 1902-03 and put into service under the German flag as part of a blockading squadron. After the crisis it was returned to the Venezuelans. It was renamed *General Salom* and continued in service until 1950.

Jay Gould's Escape Vessel

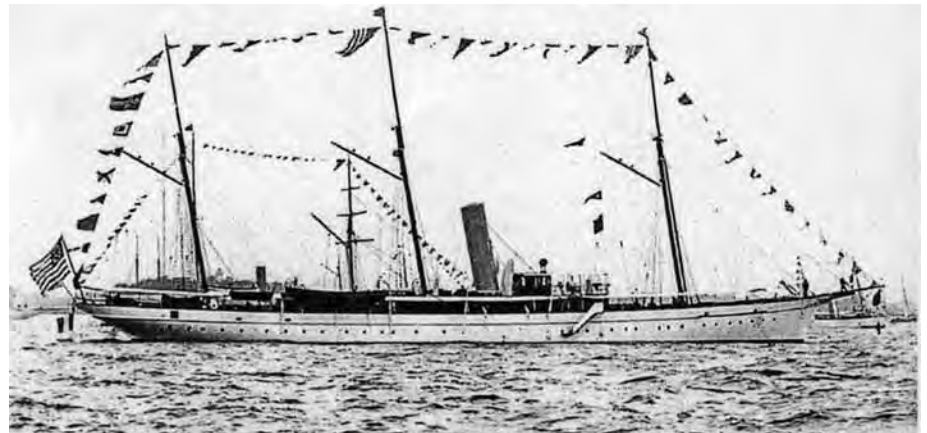
From *Dark Genius of Wall Street*

"I am going to try a little play," Wall Street financier Jay Gould told an interviewer as his new yacht *Atalanta* began to take shape at a Philadelphia dry dock. "I did not have the opportunity when I was young and so must do my playing later in life. If I like it I may keep it up."

The *Atalanta*, named by Gould after the swift hunter goddess of Greek myth, was launched from Cramp's Shipyard on April, 7, 1883. Young Nellie, not quite 15, broke a bottle of champagne against the bow as the massive 228' craft began its roll down into the water. Jay appointed veteran mariner John W. Shackford to outfit the vessel and make her seaworthy. Shackford would eventually command a crew of 52. In its report of the launching, the *New York Times* took the opportunity to editorialize:

"Mr Jay Gould protests that he will quit the world (which is Wall Street) and will wreck no more railroads, rig no more markets and buy no more newspapers. The wily little man has many devices. This penitential game is one of them." No one at the *Times*, or elsewhere, believed Jay's frank talk of retreat. "I have been in harness a long time and want to rest," he told George Miller of the *Omaha Herald*. My ambition was long since satisfied and I am ready to go into quiet retirement and hope ere long I shall have that opportunity."

He spoke of making an around the world cruise, in part to escape the constant innuendo and speculation of the press. When business made it impossible for him to get away, his repeated, well meaning promises of



immediate departure became something of a joke at the *Times* and other papers.

In the near term the *Atalanta*, capable of crossing any ocean in the world, went only as far as Newport, Rhode Island, and coastal Virginia. Day to day Jay used the yacht to commute between Lyndhurst and mid town Manhattan in season.

He also made a half hearted attempt to join the yachting community. When his low birth and lower reputation kept him out of the prestigious New York Yacht Club, he founded his own organization. The American Yacht Club operated out of a mid town Manhattan clubhouse until 1887, at which time Jay and several associates purchased 12 waterfront acres at the tip of Milton Point on Long Island Sound in Rye where the club remains to this day.

Gould Faced Blow on Bridge

(From the *Baltimore Sun*, Dec. 15, 1906)

The yacht *Atalanta* has weathered a heavy Gulf Stream storm. It was only after George J Gould, Mrs Gould and their guests had left the yacht *Atalanta* after her arrival in port that the story came out that this costly yacht had passed through a tremendous storm in the Gulf Stream. Captain Tod said it was only by the grace of God and good luck that Mr and Mrs Gould and their guests reached New York in safety.

The *Atalanta* left Southampton for Hamilton, Bermuda, November 10. During the trip there was rough weather all the way and two lifeboats were smashed. At Hamilton Mr and Mrs Gould and four guests got onboard and the yacht started for New York.

Everything went well for 24 hours and then came the Gulf Stream and trouble. The wind set in from the northeast and seas came tumbling down on the yacht like avalanches. Mr Gould, clad in oilskins, stood on the bridge with Captain Tod.

Twice the bridge was swept by icy water but each time Mr Gould and the Captain seized the rails, ducked their heads and the waves rolled away to leeward without doing damage to anything more than the deck fittings.

Mrs Gould and her guests remained in the drawing room of the yacht and did not seem to feel that they were in danger.

"She's the greatest sea boat afloat," said Captain Tod safely back in New York.

The *Atalanta* is a magnificent seagoing ship and her fittings are probably the most expensive of any craft afloat. The main dining room is furnished in mahogany with a rich red carpet and dark red curtains over the stained glass windows. A solid silver punchbowl adorns the sideboards and by its side

are a dozen cut glass goblets which were presented to Mr Gould by the German Emperor.

Mr and Mrs Gould's private rooms are the most elaborate which have ever been conceived on an ocean going vessel. The bedroom, which is finished in quartered oak, is nearly 20' square. Two brass beds occupy the center of the room and bathrooms open from either side. Just aft of this is Mrs Gould's boudoir which contains an open fireplace and is richly upholstered in silk.

The *Atalanta* carries a crew of 52, 21 of whom are in the engineer's department. She has two steam launches and one propelled by electricity.

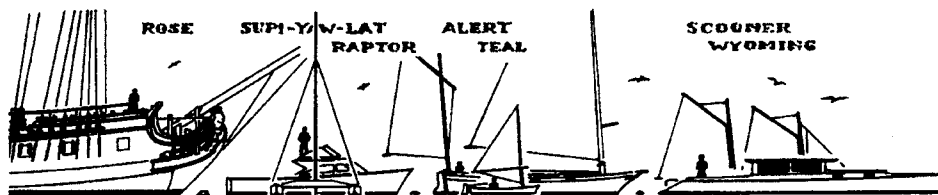
Mansion Yachts...Find out More

Two classic coffee table picture books by Ross McTaggart, with researched commentary, provide an insight into a world of the lavish life styles of the late Victorian Era: *The Golden Century - Classic Motor Yachts 1880-1930* and *Millionaires, Mansions and Motor Yachts - An Era of Opulence*.

Greek Goddess Atalanta Afloat

Atalanta was one of the Greek warrior goddesses, those who were known for their fierce independence, competitiveness, and physical skills. She became famous as an adventurer, the only woman to join the band of heroes that accompanied Jason, sailing to distant countries to capture the Golden Fleece and bring it safely back to Greece, a quest that entailed considerable danger as they faced numerous tests and perils along the way.





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I'll keep this short. The basics around this light cruiser study were discussed in the last issue. Here there are just three alterations to indicate options, no doubt with more conceivable:

1. She now features a 150sf gaff cat rig for utter simplicity. This one is straight out of Design #640 Camper of around 20 years ago. For more square footage for light wind waters we might look at the cat rig out of stouter yet 3' draft, 14'11" keel catboat #255 Lynx of 1972 with 187sf in the mainsail and a tiny aerodynamic slot of a sharp angle jib of another 21sf for a total of 208sf just ever so salty gaff rig drama with that jib almost a sporting extravagance, except that it helps with weatherliness.

No need to not think bigger on a simple MICRO derivative hull without investing in a mizzen. Fine arguments to recite favoring this or that geometry, such as comparing these gaff cat rigs with that juiced up fully battened cat yawl of about 210sf in the last issue, not counting that flying 65sf jib. Good thing that on such a modest scale for a cruiser we might start feasting on all of the options, given time and the perpetual quest to improve her a bit further, or at least keep her ever interesting. Neither a big budget nor a terrible vice.

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #537 in *MAIB*
 Micro V-18 Cat Rig
 A Study for a Light Two Person
 Trailer Cabin Cruiser

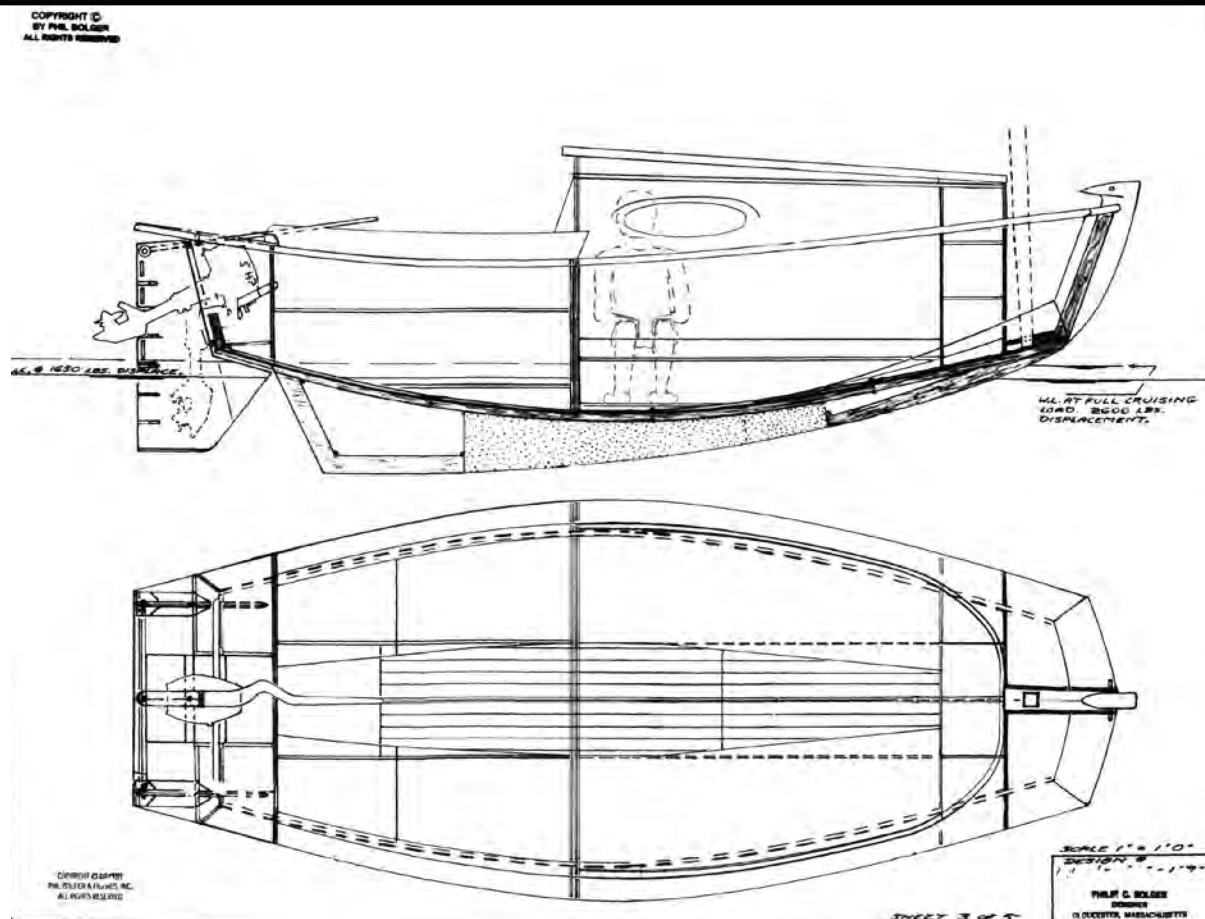
18'0"x7'2"x1'9"/11"x5hpx150sf Cat Rig

2. The cabin has been extended some 14" aft for more internal volume for just two aboard to spread things around. And I rounded off the forward corners just hinting at those remarkable laminated catboat sweeps of wooden workmanship. However, not a full round since standing in that centerline hatchway belly against that bulkhead I'd still want that close access to the bow, the ground tackle, the mast, something a lovely perhaps elliptical curve would significantly spoil, good looks or not. Apart from going all flamboyant with perfect sweeps of veneer over fine molds, vacuum bagging perhaps, I'd also think about building these curves here with cedar strips perhaps in a simple vertical alignment.

The longer cabin makes that cockpit shorter, now at best long enough for kids to stretch out on the bunks. On the other hand, if we should be so lucky to be favored by an able four legged seadog to come along on his boat, if we bring that thickish runner to drop onto the cockpit sole that location may become its favored night spot under a small boom tent, leaving us the cabin, or at least until it rains and the wind picks up.

3. In addition to the shallow long keel twin rudder underbody geometry familiar from the two previous articles, here a set of leeboards reduce her draft by some 10" further. After a lot of studies, and then sketches, there are so many ways to sculpt the perfect set of curves for these leeboards, with ornamentations only barely suggested here, the option to indeed leverage even different species of plywood to really get a remarkable set of contrasting visuals without any paint, just varnish, every year.

Of course, as we'll learn, Dutch villages not too far from each other could have wide, shortish, almost ovoid leeboards here while long narrowish mild wedge shaped straight lined geometries are preferred there. Choices, aesthetics.

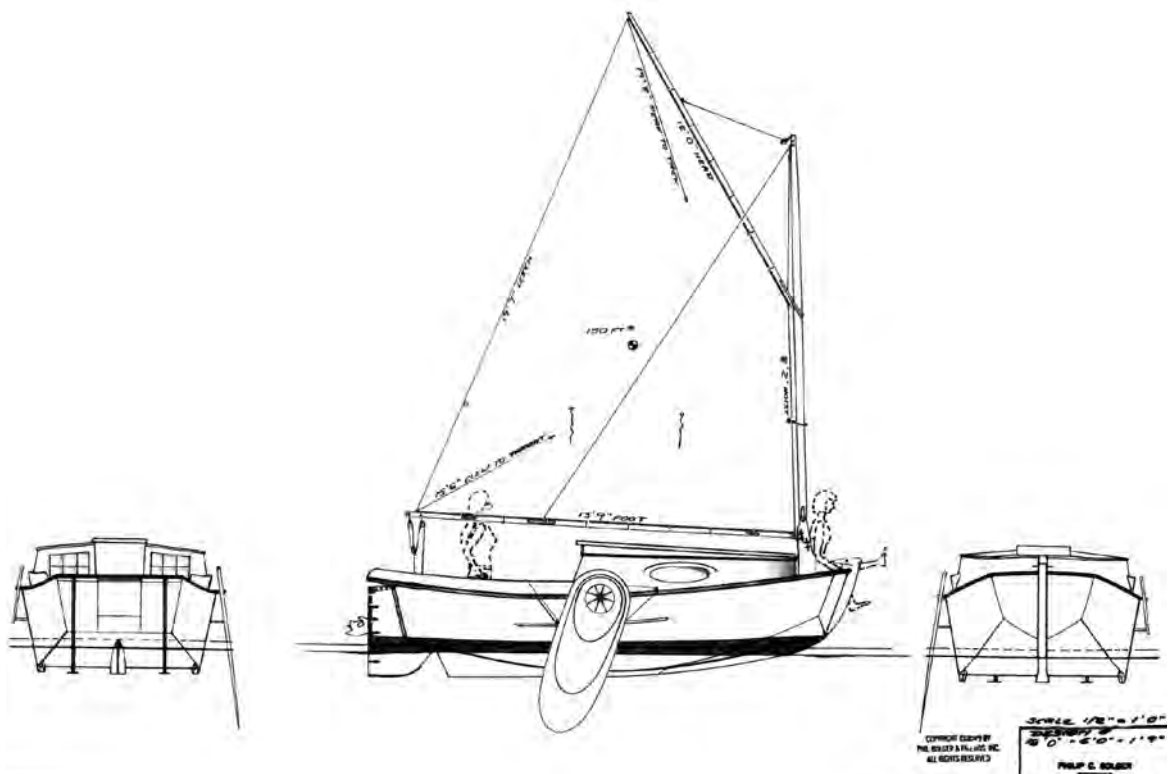


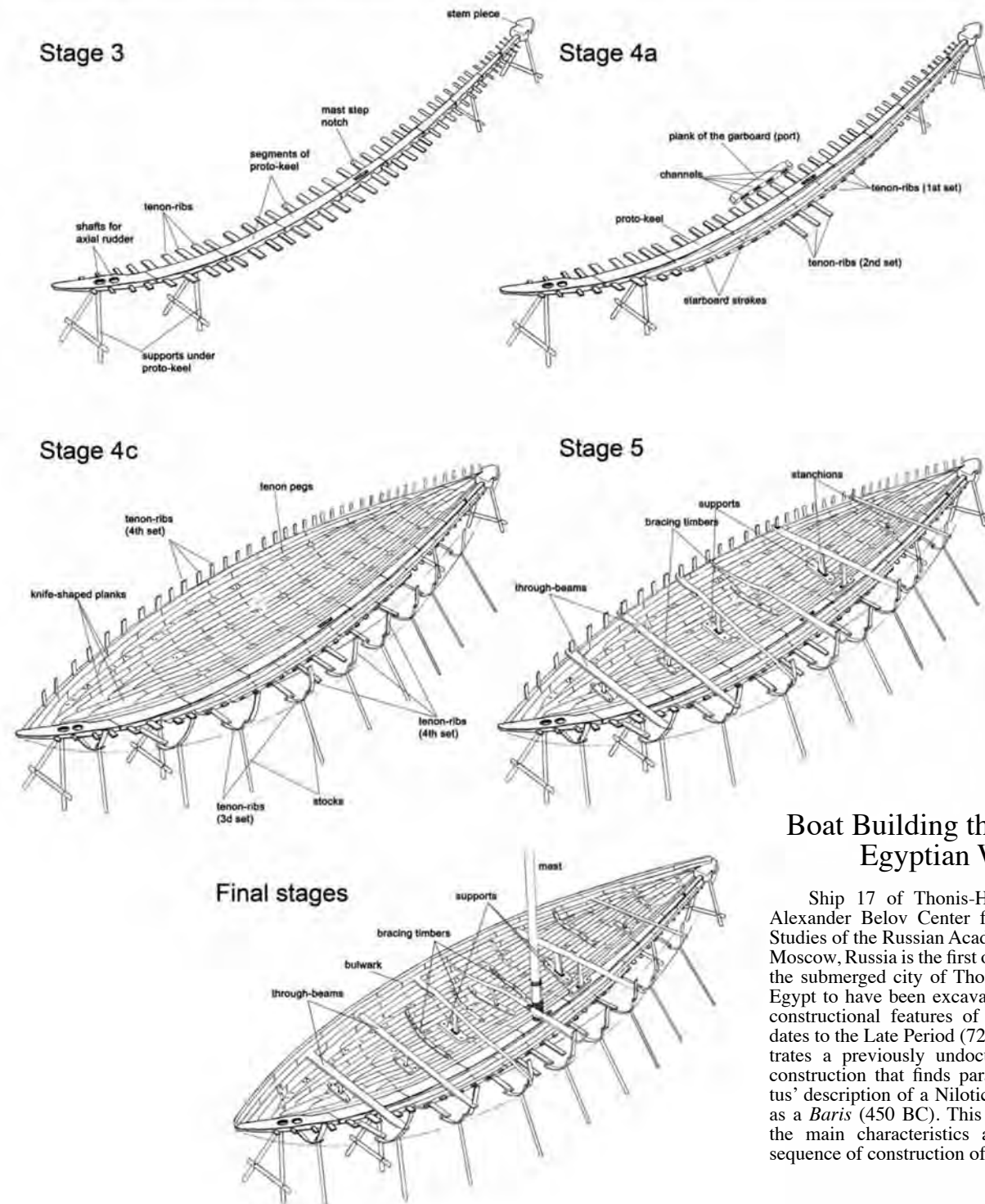
We'd still carry the same 410lbs ballast, but now spread out some fore and aft and with a wider very shallow keel with the rest to be secured inside. And the option to not even pour the stuff, but to take advantage of

While each rudder looks so much less effective with over 10" lost in depth, having two active via that drag link and with the leeward one submersing deeper with the hull's heeling as the wind pipes up, should ease that concern.

This third discussion around this unexpectedly emerging hull geometry around the initial Sea Explorer's four adult

Next issue, however, we'll go back in time several decades to revisit a day sailer/mild one person overnighter to then add to that proven hull with greater utility and more exciting power.

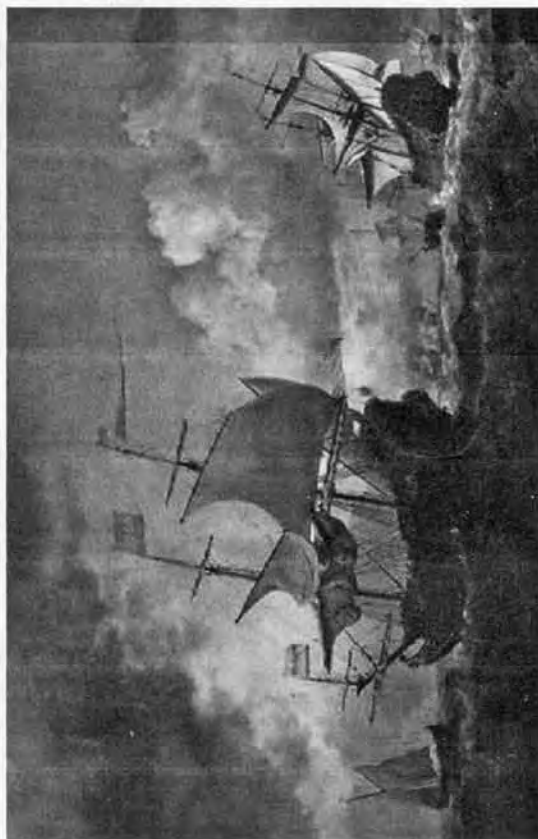




Boat Building the Ancient Egyptian Way

Ship 17 of Thonis-Heracleion in the Alexander Belov Center for Egyptological Studies of the Russian Academy of Sciences, Moscow, Russia is the first of 63 vessels from the submerged city of Thonis-Heracleion in Egypt to have been excavated. The peculiar constructional features of this ship, which dates to the Late Period (722–332 BC), illustrates a previously undocumented type of construction that finds parallels in Herodotus' description of a Nilotic freighter known as a *Baris* (450 BC). This drawing outlines the main characteristics and the possible sequence of construction of Ship 17.

Figure 18. Stage 3: Installation of the tenon-ribs in the proto-keel of the ship; Stage 4a: Installation of the first four strakes; Stage 4c: Assembling the strakes from S10/11 to S15/16 with the third series of tenon-ribs; Stage 5: Installation of the through-beams; Final stages. Not to scale. (Author)



Friend of the club, former member Dave Brown of Sun City, sent Sec/Ed an article from the Wall Street Journal. These are a few of the paintings displayed at the National Gallery of Art: *Water*, *Wind*, and *Waves*; *Marine Paintings from the Dutch Golden Age*.

***San Francisco Bay
Bird Class, 1921***

Fred Brewer/Sam Crocker/John Alden Design

30'-1" Overall

22' -0" Waterline

7'-8" Beam

5'-0" Draft

408 s.f. Sail Area



Small Craft Illustration #19 by Irwin Schuster

irwinschuster@verizon.net

A Short Drag Shanty

When we were about 400 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope the wind increased to a gale. All hands were on deck and we clewed up the mainsail to take it in and raced up the rigging to hand it. Time after time we had the sail almost under control when the gale would blow it from our grasp. The heavy wet canvas was very severe on our hands. Digging away with our fingers' ends against the sail, it refused to yield enough to allow us to pinch a seam, with our bleeding nails, for a hold. With the rise of the bow over a sea, during which the wind would spill more or less from the sail, we gradually picked up, inch by inch and foot by foot, this big sail, holding it under our stomachs.

Then came the task of rolling the sail on top of the yard with the toss of the bunt. All sailors have been well educated in the art of swearing and on the *Akbar* they were all proficient and not backward in blaspheming as they tried, in vain, to raise the heavy wet sail, cursing the luck that made them sailors. Finally "Handsome Charlie," who was in the slings of the yard, sang out, "Give her Paddy Doyle, Jerry."

This is a chantey for tossing the bunt and is never heard anywhere else. Although there is not much music to it, it produces results. The words would indicate that Paddy Doyle must have been a fat man who couldn't bend over far enough, on account of his belly, to pull on his sea boots. The same was true with us on the yard, with all of the sail we had gathered in and were loath to let go our hands for fear we should lose what we had already gained. But with Jerry starting, "To me way-

Shanties

Edited by Duncan Wright

a-hey," our feet were thrown high in the air, regardless, while our heads went down with bodies hanging over the yard as we reached below in another attempt, and with the pause "O," drawled out, everybody on the yard began the chorus in unison, holding all he had, knowing full well that it required a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together as we sang, 'Paddy can't dive for his boots!'

On the word boots, down came our feet under the yard, every man pulling as one, and up rolled the sail, little by little, with the help of the song. Cursing was forgotten and a broad smile broke over the faces of the shellbacks who, a moment before, hated themselves.

Frederick Harlow, *The Making of a Sailor* (1928)

A Halyard Shanty

I remember hearing a shanty sung by the black crew of an American full rigged ship, the *Garnet*, of New York, at Macabei, a guano island in the South Pacific. It sounded very musical coming across the still water while to its accompaniment the captain's gig was pulling into place:

"O Chal-lo O Chal-lo Brown! O Chal-lo, in the morning, O Chal-lo O Chal-lo Brown Just as the day was dawning, O Chal-lo O Chal-lo Brown!"

Captain Robinson, in Joanna Colcord *Roll and Go* (1924) (slightly revised)

A Capstan Shanty

The hatches were on, covered with tarpaulin, the sails were all bent, the house flag slatted at the truck and the ensign, a stream of scarlet, flew astern, the barque was sailing for home. I was just aft of the foremast, doing some work. The crew were getting up the anchor and singing. All the bass voices seemed to get together on a single capstan bar and all the other voices grouped together in the same way, these differing voices now drawing near and ringing out, then passing by, and changing and fading. That sunny morning, under the hills, to the sound of the surf and the cheering sailors, they sang the haunting shanty of the Rio Grande:

"An' a-away Rio! A-way, you Rio! It's fare ye well, my bonny young girl for we're bound t' Ri-i-o Grande!"

John Masefield, *Sea Songs* (1906) (abridged)

Sources

Colcord, Joanna: *Roll and Go: Songs of American Sailormen*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1924.

Harlow, Frederick Pease: *The Making of a Sailor or Sea Life Aboard a Yankee Square Rigger*, Salem, Massachusetts: Marine Research Society, 1928.

Masefield John: *Sea Songs* in Roy Palmer, editor, *The Oxford Book of Sea Songs*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986.



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Safety interlocks are wonderful devices unless something goes wrong with the device. The neutral start interlock on an outboard motor at the gearshift failed and the engine would not start. Since this happened at the launch ramp the people were inconvenienced but not endangered. If it had happened out in Apalachee Bay, they would have been in possible trouble and in need of a tow to get back to the launch ramp.

The high temperature safety switch on our Westerbeke diesel shut the engine down (the temperature gauge was faulty) at a very inopportune time. We were able to get the boat to a neighbor's float and fix the problem. If it had happened in some other places along the channel, or out in the Bay, things could have been much worse. Oh yes, the Westerbeke did not have a start in neutral device in the system. One always made sure the gearshift lever was in neutral before starting the engine.

Automatic transmission vehicles have a safety interlock to prevent the engine from being started unless the vehicle is in neutral or park, and some demand that the brake pedal be pressed down. However, this feature prevents the operator from using the starter motor to "inch" the vehicle out of soft sand. With a standard transmission the car could be left in gear (first or reverse) and with one foot on the clutch, ready to take it out of gear if the motor started, the starter motor would turn over the engine which would move the rear wheels a bit slowly. Turning the starter for a few seconds moved the car a bit and then repeat. It was a neat trick that is no longer available except in vehicles with standard transmissions. A good battery was critical to this operation!

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside," is a quote credited to Alexander Pope. At one point in my GIS career the unit was beyond the cutting edge of the technology and we were creating what we needed as we went in terms of hardware fixes/upgrades and programs. It was an interesting time. Now that I am retired, I seemed to be way behind the curve. My computer's software will no longer connect to many websites. For instance, I can no longer access the US Coast Guard's web pages as well as many private sites. But, for the moment, at least, I can still get to the FAA and NOAA pages. This, too, will probably pass as they "upgrade" their pages.

One of the nice features of the old IBM DOS programs was that IBM mandated that



any revised program would still access files created by the previous versions of that program. I could open the old file with the new version of the program and save it to the new format. Slow, but quite nice. It would be nice if the sites on the web had to deal with that requirement and not discontinue "supporting" the older program's access. Oh well, such is life these days.

With the above in mind, I would like to recommend the following websites for weather information beyond that shown on TV. For local rain/storm information I recommend the local Doppler Radar picture. To find the nearest installation, go to <<https://radar.weather.gov/>> and put the cursor on the nearest site. The local radar picture should appear (click the cursor if necessary). If it is correct, the URL can be stored in the history file for use as needed.

While designed for aircraft pilots, <www.wrh.noaa.gov/zoa/mwmap3.php?map=usa> displays the latest weather report for a given airport. Put the cursor on the airport of choice and a pop up displays the reported weather condition and forecast. The overall pattern of colored dots also displays a general picture of the weather conditions in the area.

Also designed for pilots, <<https://www.aviationweather.gov/windtemp/plot>> provides the current picture of the overall weather pattern for the US as well as projected weather patterns for up to 36 hours. The display can also be converted to show temperature. Obviously, I find all three sites of interest when severe weather is in the forecast.

If you wear eyeglasses or contact lenses when on the water, have a spare set on board. Being nearsighted, I wear glasses and used to wear contact lenses. For a long time my glasses were wire frame and the ear section wrapped around the back of my ear. The glasses stayed on no matter what. The con-

tact lenses stayed on quite nicely even when I fell overboard (close eyes until head is back above water).

After switching to nylon frames I lost one pair while swimming in the Atlantic (got rolled by a wave) and used my backup pair until I could get new ones made to the current prescription. When racing small sailboats, I had a lanyard around the back of my neck to help keep the glasses with me if things went wrong. I have also always had a spare pair (previous prescription) along with me (in the car when daysailing and in the gear bag when overnighting).

Thinking about things going overboard, a float should be attached to boat keys big enough to actually work if the keys go in the water? Drop the keys and float in a bucket of water to see if the weight of the keys (and key ring) exceed the buoyancy of the float.

The permanent magnet part of a loud-speaker that has ceased to work is a handy tool for picking up steel tools off the bottom after they go overboard. Most of these magnets have holes in the middle. Tie a line through the hole and then lower it down and, with luck, bring the object back up with little effort. The device also works quite nicely picking up nails and the like around a construction project. Since the various size speakers have various size magnets, a large one might be acquired at little to no cost at an audio store that repairs such equipment. Or look in the dumpster behind the establishment.

Communication is important on the water. For this reason, nautical items have a distinctive name for a given use. Larboard became port to avoid misunderstanding in bad weather. Thus, we now have port and starboard rather than larboard and steerboard. One used to move the tiller to the left to turn the bow to the right. With the advent of the "ships wheel" for controlling the vessel, the person at the helm still turned the wheel to the left for the bow to turn right. With a lot of people getting into boating who drove cars, the process was changed so the bow moved the direction the steering wheel was turned. There was some initial communication confusion (and some accidents) as the officer in charge gave the order to the helms person to "Port the helm" and the bow went left instead of right as it used to when those who had been using the "old" method had to mentally convert to the new conditions.

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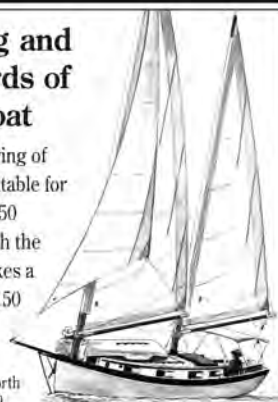
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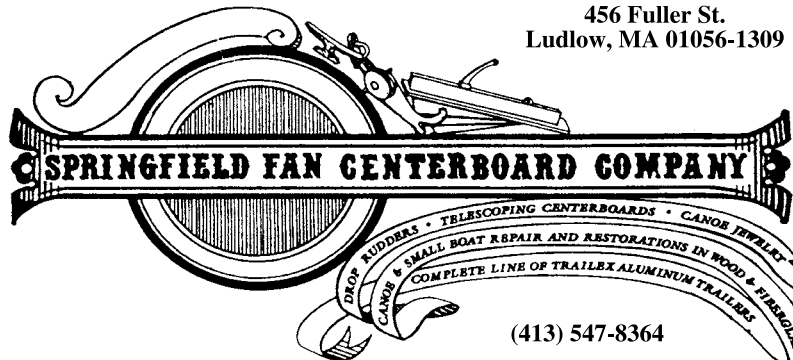
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Fliptail 6 Folding Dinghy, finished last fall. Gray skin, bright finished wood. Chines & gunwales are ash laminate, most of the rest is western red cedar. Stainless hardware & hinges, except for nylon bow eye & oarlocks from Duckworks. Located north-central Indiana. Photos available by email. \$600, or trade?

JOHN NYSTROM, (765) 689-9997, johnc111@hotmail.com (8)



Seaclipper 20 Trimaran, carefully crafted to John Marples plans from okoume & marine fir plywood, fg & WEST epoxy. Douglas fir folding akas (cross-arms). Modified Hobie rig. W/trlr for transport & winter storage. Fast, stable, safe & fun. Asking \$8,000.

BILL ROWE, S. Hero, VT, (802) 363-5450, werowe@gmail.com (8)

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Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



Classic Sloop, Rigel, CYC 5, 23'9" x 7', mahogany-on-oak. Steel c/b, weight about 850lbs. Built '51 Holland. Raced for a decade, stored for 40 years, sailed luxuriously the past 14. Re-glued mast, new ss rigging, all cracked frames repaired, all original except new deck canvas, toerails & rubrails. Underwater seams treated w/slick-seam and a little cotton before launching, after a day or two she leaks maybe a couple of pailsful a week when on a mooring. I give her a dose of sodium borate twice a year. If I had a place for her I would keep her forever, the dear lovely thing. A-frame for mast raising makes it a one-person job. \$6,500.

MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, www.ad-rindackgoodboat.com (8)



Penn Yan Kingfisher, '46/'47, 14', called a cross between canoe & cartopper. Traditional wood/canvas canoe construction, canvas has been replaced by fg. Original brass oarlocks & sweeps, 1 rowing station, bow & stern seats. Well used & well maintained. Rows & tracks well. Asking \$800. Boat is in Winthrop, ME. Contact for additional photos/information

JOHN GOTJEN, liesebarnes@gmail.com (8)



Fannie Salter started her adventures in 2015 at Spruce Island, ME & on NH Lake Sunapee. She then migrated south w/her owner & now sails the rivers, sounds & outer banks of NC where she won Best of Sail 2018 and 2019 at the Wooden Boat Show in Beaufort, NC. *Fannie* is looking for a home that will be able to keep up w/her adventurous spirit. She is happy sailing or leave the rig at home for a day fishing. Here are the details: 2015 Cedar Keys Sharpie based on Reuel Parker design. Traditionally built cat ketch rig. LOA: 23', LWL: 20', Beam: 6', Draft min: 13" board up, Draft max: 3' board down, Hull: white pine on white oak. Total Sail area: 172sf. Cotton sprit boom sails, laminated spruce masts, Hempex running rigging, wooden blocks, 2 pair 10' oars, Sunbrella cockpit cover, Sunforger cockpit camping tent, Honda 5hp long shaft o/b, dual axle steel trailer w/high-way radials & hinged tongue. Asking \$7,500 obo. Visit: Spar-Time Boat Works on YouTube for more images.

DON DILL, (603)-369-9877, spartimeboatworks@gmail.com (8)



Mad River Explorer, 16'3" x 3', Kevlar construction w/wood trim, cane seats, 2 paddles, ACA class open sailing canoe rig, aluminum spars, high aspect ratio kickup leeboard & rudder, long tiller linkage, steering from amidships. Custom bags for all the sailing hardware, nice condition, usual wear & tear. Simple to rig, simple to sail, stable canoe. \$2,000.

DOCK SHUTER, Hudson River 100mi. N. of NYC, (845) 247-0508, dshuter@earthlink.net (8)

Chesapeake Crab Skiff, classic sharpie design by Doug Hylan. 15' LOA, 5' beam. Ideal camp cruiser or day sailer for sail & oar. High quality build in '12 she remains in exc cond today. Simple sprit rig, c/b, oars, great road trailer, exc performer on all points & vy stable. Located Ottawa, ON. Asking \$3,800.

See pics of her at: http://workingsail.com/messabout/chesapeake_crab_skiff/index.html
Burtonblais@gmail.com (8)



13' Peapod FG Sailing Model, 2 rowing stations, leathered oars, spritsail. Minkota aux in well. Boat like new. Trlr for local use. \$2,800.
RICHARD JOHNSON, Newbury, MA, (978) 462-8414. (8)

Asryda, a Swiftly 15, custom open model built by Fred Shell in '06, has been parked in driveway covered up for a couple of years. 2.5 Suzuki o/b is virtually new. Load Rite trlr w/tongue jack, Various equipment. Located near Trenton, NJ. Asking \$2,000.

JOHN SMITH, Hamilton, NJ, jdantonsmith@outlook.com, write "boat" in subject line. (8)

12' Vermont Pack Boat & 15' Vermont Guide Boat, by Steve Kaulback. Rarely used & garage kept. Exc cond. Both incl original oars & are complete as sold. Both also incl custom boat & oar covers, about a \$500 value each boat. The guide boat also incl a 2-pc 84" Greenland style Nashwaak paddle & Redtail canoe paddle. Pictures at <https://photos.app.goo.gl/2amv3iZ711QhfkBQA>. Builder's website <https://Adirondack-guide-boat.com/> Pack Boat \$1,200. Guide Boat \$1,900. Buyer to arrange pickup.

RICH STEVENS, Howard County, MD, rstevens15@verizon.net. (8)

15'3" Grumman Sport Boat, w/trlr, both in exc cond. Also MinnKota electric trolling motor & old 1970s Evinrude 2hp ob, ran good last time used. \$1,500.

JIM HIGLE, Hyde Park, NY, (845) 229-9364. (7)



18'6" Goliath Tugboat, w/tandem axle Venture aluminum trlr. Boat is fiberglass over wood powered by a 27hp Yanmar 3GM30 Diesel w/low hours. Ready to launch in gd cond. \$10,000 obo. BILL NEDDERMAN, Middletown, RI, (401) 965-3970. (7)



10'6" B-Utility Speed Skiff, a Hall Kenny Plan-Sorenson Kit. 95% Complete!! Comes w/10hp Mercury Hurricane, Quick Silver Lower Unit Motor and 2 props. \$3,750 or best offer.
GEORGE MCGUGAN, (860) 608-9904, admc-gugan@gmail.com. (7)



16' Adirondack Guide Boat, .25" cedar, bead & cove construction, cherry trim, w/Piantedosi sliding seat w/carbon fiber oars & conventional 7'6" Shaw & Tenney oars along w/"fancy" Shaw & Tenney oarlocks & hardware. \$4,000.

RICHARD HONAN, Winthrop, MA, rdhnan@comcast.net (7)

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This sample issue is #670 since May of 1983. We've been around for 32 years and plan to be around for many more.

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Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher


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On one occasion a man asked if he and his wife, and 2 kids, age 5 and 8 could go into one of our 15ft guideboats. We considered the question and then explained, "Yes.....but in a year or two it will become too small. Why not two of the 12ft packboats? It could be 2 parents in one boat, two kids in the other; or parent/child, parent/child. Or, when you get comfortable with it, each of your boys could go out in his own boat." We suggested they come down to the shop and try our boats on the water.

Which they did. They rowed all of our boats, gave them a fair test. We were positive we knew which they were going to buy. And we were wrong. They decided on two of the 12ft boats. We found their choice surprising and said so. The dad explained, "My wife was not at all interested in being responsible for a boat and a child...until we rowed all of your boats. That was all it took. Rather than stuffing everyone in a station wagon, we decided on two sports cars. "

We have recently revised our website. It's been an odyssey. We know our boats. We didn't know web design. There had to be a way to tell our story and explain our boats.....didn't there?

One of the things this process brought to mind was how important it is to get the right fit between person and boat. How many people in the boat? How much do they weigh? What are you going to be doing in the boat? On what water? Sometimes we'd get into an argument with a potential customer. The best answer always was the same. "Why don't you come up to the shop and we'll put a few boats into the water and you can see what works best?"

